

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE USELESS SACRIFICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE PICHLER.

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

HENRIETTA DUMONT was the youngest daughter of an illustrious, though not wealthy family. Education, example and circumstances had early taught her to place the chief happiness of life in dissipation and glittering pleasures, and thus, in her sixteenth year, she gave her hand to the son of a rich banker whom she scarcely knew, hoping, by means of his wealth, to be able to enjoy that kind of existence which had hitherto seemed to her most desirable.

She thus became Madame Larner, and the first two years of her marriage passed rapidly away, amid the deceitful pleasures into which she was drawn by her youth, her mode of life, and the kindly manner in which her beauty made her every where welcome. At the end of this time, before the birth of her first child, she withdrew from the noisy circles of fashion, and, amid anticipations of the serious duties now about to devolve upon her, relieved the tedium of solitude by reading. She read every thing that fell into her hands; romances, comedies, works on education. In the first, she found more than she had

sought for; feelings, joys and sorrows were depicted of which she had never before dreamed. Her heart awoke and showed her there was another, a higher happiness in life than either riches or splendor could bestow. She determined to enjoy this happiness. A sense of duty and goodness of heart directed her feelings towards her husband; he should be the hero of her romance, the fellow-actor in all the touching scenes she had imagined. But Herr Larner was not made for this. He was a sensible man, an honest and able merchant, and he loved his wife; but he had no appreciation of the feeling she lavished upon him, no idea of what she wished in return. Henrietta now felt herself unhappy. Her feelings were excited, and there was no fit object on which to pour them forth. She wished to die, and it was only her tenderness for her Augusta (so she named her first born) that prevented this wish from gaining strength.

At this time, chance brought to her house a young man in whose society Henrietta found all she had hitherto wanted. Werner, her husband's

book-keeper, was a man of sense, feeling, and spotless morals. At first, reading formed an intellectual bond between them, and Werner soon found how many fine feelings had received a false direction from the perusal of ill-chosen books. He chose for her, read with her, encouraged her to make extracts and observations, and thus formed her mind and her feelings. But the honored teacher soon became the object of the feelings he sought to guide, and his own heart was not untouched by so much loveliness, innocence and talent, whose right direction was his work. But Werner was noble;—Henrietta's natural sense of duty had become stronger and more fixed under his influence. They saw the abyss on which they stood, and resolved to contend nobly. Circumstances rendered the conflict a hard one, and, at last, to Werner, victory seemed impossible. His despairing virtue resorted to the last means. One morning he was found dead in his chamber; a pistol and a letter to a friend, enclosing one to Henrietta, lay beside him.

The news was communicated to her with the greatest care, but, notwithstanding this, it occasioned an illness which brought her to the brink of the grave, and, when she recovered, her embittered existence passed away in silent melancholy. Her children, for she had several, were her only pleasure; but her resolution was fixed and immovable to preserve her daughters from the misfortune which had befallen herself. Their hearts and minds were cultivated with the greatest care; they were taught to place the happiness of life in love and domestic pleasures, and a solemn promise was exacted from them, only to marry when they had found the man whom they could love exclusively and find their whole world in him. Then they should have no regard to rank or riches; but the moral worth alone of the man should decide for him.

Augusta, the eldest, grew to womanhood, and, under such influences, her naturally feeling heart could not fail rapidly to unfold and stand open to every impression.

The elder Mademoiselle Dumont, her mother's sister, had married in the Netherlands, from whence the family had originally sprung; but, in the disturbances caused by the first year of the war, she left them accompanied by her husband Herr Clairval, and chose the city in which she was born, where Madame Larner still lived, for her residence. The two families were soon closely united. Clairval had several children, who became the companions of the young Larners. The eldest son alone was absent. Henry Von Clairval served as lieutenant in the —— regiment. In the last battle, where he had greatly distin-

guished himself, he had been dangerously wounded; his wound, however, was now nearly healed, and his arrival was daily expected, as the physicians had advised him to use the baths in the vicinity of his parents' residence. His family rejoiced at the prospect of his coming, and the Larners out of friendship, participated in their joy. Augusta's imagination had already drawn a picture of her expected cousin from different sketches she had heard from her relatives; a fine appearance, bravery, goodness of heart, and a wound that made him still more interesting, were the main features of the portrait.

But her expectations were surpassed, and her fancy, with its meager painting, quite put to shame. One afternoon, when both families were assembled in Larner's garden, the elder Clairval suddenly appeared in the avenue, leading a young officer by the hand. A tall, well developed figure, noble expression in carriage and mien, the wound on the fine forehead which, still covered with black silk, was lost amid the brown shining locks, and, finally, the showy uniform intended to set off a fine figure—all united to surprise, to confound Augusta; and while all hastened to Cousin Henry, embracing, kissing him, she alone, blushing and embarrassed, remained in her seat. At length the elder Clairval missed her; he led his son to her, and presented him to his cousin. Henry seemed struck by her appearance, and the respectful dignity with which he greeted her, the sudden color that flushed his features, showed her the flattering distinction he made between her and his other relatives. Soon, however, every trace of embarrassment vanished from the conduct of the young people: they became confiding and open as cousins usually are, and took a joyous part in the social diversions that celebrated Henry's arrival. In the evening they danced. Henry was forbidden every thing like excitement on account of his wound; but he could not deny himself the pleasure of a couple of turns with his pretty cousin. She flew round on his arm; his glistening eye met hers, and openly revealed all that was passing in his soul. After the second round, he bowed reverentially before her, kissed her hand, and led her to a seat. She looked at him with interest, for suddenly his arm seemed to tremble and his blooming cheek to grow pale.

" You are not well!" she anxiously exclaimed.

" It is nothing," he answered in a low tone; " say nothing, lest my father should hear it; I ought not to have danced;—but how was that possible?" Again he pressed her hand to his lips.

" Come," said Augusta, " let us go into the library; it is not so warm there as here, and you can rest there a little."

They went; Henry sat upon the sofa, and supported his head upon the pillows. Augusta continued standing before him, and held a smelling bottle for him. He seemed to her handsomer than ever in this position, with this paleness that gave a softer interest to his lively features. The elder Clairval had missed his son, and, suspected what had happened, he went after the young couple, and found them in the attitude before mentioned. He could scarcely forbear smiling, when he saw Augusta attending upon her cousin in such a sister-like manner; but he tried to appear serious, reproved Henry for his imprudence, and then sat down to talk with them. Henry's vertigo was soon over; he again became animated and talkative; he told of his campaigns, of his dangers, and Augusta's heart often beat violently when she heard of all that had threatened Henry's life and of all he had suffered.

Thus, one tender tie after another was woven round their two hearts. A few days after, Henry went to the baths, and could only come twice a week to visit his relations. These days were festal days for Augusta; she counted the hours from one to another; anticipation and longing portrayed unspeakable happiness in the attainment of her wishes, and rendered her other occupations tedious and burdensome, till, at length, the wished for Wednesday or Sunday arrived that brought back her beloved cousin. The loving girl thought it no slight compliment that every Sunday, when all the gay world of the capital repaired to the baths to recreate themselves, he came faithfully home and passed it with her. With Henry also, leisure, youthful ardor, and the slight hindrances that opposed his pleasures, contributed to impress his fair cousin's image more deeply in his heart, and what was at first only transient admiration, owing to Augusta's lovely and attractive character, deepened into a true passion, which made him firmly resolve to use every effort to obtain exclusive possession of her; but at the same time, conscious how inferior his wealth was to her's, and of her claims to what the world calls happiness, he determined not to lead her to take any rash step or to make any hasty promise. He would love her truly, tenderly, and unchangeably; but, only when his courage or his skill had obtained him a rank he could honorably offer her, would he come forward as her acknowledged suitor and lover.

So thought Clairval, with the refined feelings of a noble heart; but so did not think his speculating relations. His mother knew her sister's wealth too well, and was too well aware what a brilliant match Augusta was, not to strive, with all her powers, to win and secure the rich maiden for her son. She treated Augusta with a mother's

tenderness; she constantly drew her to her house, and knew so skilfully how to interweave Henry's praises and his secret passion in her conversation; how to flatter Augusta's vanity, that foible so hard to conquer, that she could scarcely fail of attaining her end with an inexperienced girl of seventeen. What fancy and feeling had begun, the mother's artifice completed. Augusta became more and more entangled in this passion, and she gradually arrived at the conviction that she could be happy only with Henry. But the worldly wise woman could not succeed equally well with her son. Her plans were defeated by his straightforward sense; no persuasions, no representations could induce him to depart from the path he had marked out as the right one, or to decide the matter at once in compliance with his mother's wishes. Meantime, his leave of absence was nearly at an end, his wound was healed, and the day of his departure fixed in the ensuing week.

The decisive steps must now be taken, and the finishing stroke put to the work with Augusta. Henry's sadness, occasioned by his approaching departure, and the uncertainty of his hopes, escaped no one, least of all Augusta; but her tenderest inquiries could not draw forth the secret from his breast. The mother supplied what was lacking in the son; she informed Augusta of the cause of her son's deep melancholy, and the motives that actuated his conduct. This disclosure produced precisely the effect the designing woman wanted. Augusta was touched, enraptured; her resolution to give her hand to none but Henry became stronger than ever, and she determined herself to lead to a declaration, and to give the high-minded youth the promise of eternal faithfulness that his delicate feeling would not venture to ask. She had not to wait long for an opportunity, and Clairval could not have been young, or in love, or a man, if his purpose had still continued unshaken, and his reason gained so cruel a victory over his heart. Overcome by love, sorrow, and Augusta's goodness, he sank at her feet, and the vow was taken of eternal faithfulness.

Augusta's mother, by her own observation, and her daughter's confidence was informed of all. She could indeed have wished her daughter's choice had not fallen upon a man whose calling withdrew her so entirely from her mother's arms and domestic quiet, and she thought a period of six weeks, in which there had been so many days of absence, scarcely sufficed to make them know each other; but Clairval had, in his favor, the voice of the world and his comrades, the love and esteem of his family, and the favorable impression produced by his appearance and dignified demeanor.

He was, moreover, the son of a beloved sister who here also forgot nothing that could further her plans. In short, the whole affair seemed to realize the plans she had formed for Augusta in her enthusiastic hours, when thinking of her own youth. The want of wealth she hoped to prevail on her husband to overlook as she possessed his entire confidence and esteem, and thus she looked calmly forward to the future, when, six months after Clairval's departure, a violent illness attacked her frame, worn away with silent grief, and she breathed away her life in the arms of the sorrowing Augusta.

Augusta felt the greatness of her loss. Death had deprived her not only of a beloved mother, but also of the guardian spirit of her love; for she knew her father's way of thinking, and felt how difficult it would be to obtain his consent to her union with a man of no fortune. Still, she determined to be firm, to venture all, to suffer all, and never to give her hand to another than Clairval. She undertook the entire management of her father's large household, and this duty afforded her a fitting excuse for refusing two brilliant offers, until her sister Emily should be grown up and able to take her place in the establishment. She saw Clairval very seldom, for, while the war lasted, it was almost impossible for him to leave the army; but when he came, these anxiously expected moments of happiness were enjoyed with a rapture which only unhappy, separated lovers, can conceive. At other times, his letters were her only pleasure; and amid the dangers of war and the uncertainty she often felt, her passion was rather increased than diminished by separation.

Thus three years passed away. As long as his affairs continued to prosper, Herr Larner did not urge Augusta very strongly to marry, for she was still young, and her presence in the house indispensable. But the war gradually produced its disastrous effects upon him. Several houses with which he was connected broke and caused him considerable losses, and he began to think seriously of building up his sinking fortunes by an advantageous match for his daughter. Several offers were made, which Augusta steadfastly refused; but they caused her many sad hours, many bitter scenes with her father, whom she could not obey, but to whom, at such a moment, she feared to disclose her love. From Clairval, whom the sacrifices she made for him rendered still dearer to her heart, she concealed all, in order to spare him every anxiety, but he heard something of it from report. His letters bore the impression of the deepest sorrow, but he was noble minded enough to offer her an entire renunciation of all his rights and claims, lest they

should interfere with her domestic peace or her future happiness.

About this time her father received a letter from one of his correspondents who had entrusted large sums to his care, and whose good opinion he was especially anxious to secure. Herr Bentheim wrote to him that his interest required him to establish a house of his own in the capital in which Larner lived, and as his only son had just returned from travelling and wanted to be established he had determined to give it into his care, but he wished him first to enter some well known house in order to become acquainted with the business connection of the place. He knew none better fitted for this purpose, none where his son would be better trained, than that of his friend Larner. He, therefore, begged him to receive the young man as a boarder and member of his family, and to place him in his counting house, till, perhaps, in the course of time, a still nearer tie might connect the two families.

Herr Larner read the letter with the greatest pleasure; he considered this day one of the most fortunate of his life, and hastened to announce the news to Augusta. He told her, at the same time, very seriously, that he should now no longer have patience with her whims; he made her acquainted with the true situation of his affairs, and told her that if young Bentheim was, as report said, an intelligent and upright man whom she succeeded in pleasing, he would hear of no rejection, and would not sacrifice the happiness of his other children to her humors.

Augusta listened to her father with apparent composure, though she trembled inwardly, and her blood seemed to stagnate. A single ray of light beamed on the darkness of her soul from the stipulation—"If Bentheim was so noble as report described him, and if she succeeded in pleasing him." To this thought she clung with the eagerness of a drowning man, and promised her father to do all in her power to unite the happiness of her family with her own. This indefinite answer, satisfied her father for the time, for he promised himself much from Bentheim's presence, and loved his children too much voluntarily to sacrifice them.

With more care than ever, Augusta tried to conceal the secret design of this new member of the family from Clairval, whose jealousy, excited by knowing a formidable rival was constantly near her while he was forced to live so far away, often without any news of her, would have been a source of intense misery. With equal care she studied the part she had to play, and found the best reasons for hoping the dreaded stranger would possess the common faults of the conceited pampered sons of wealthy parents. Her

own representations seemed to her so probable that she expected nothing different, and looked forward with calmness to his arrival.

This at length took place, and to her great chagrin, at a time when her father was not at home. With a beating heart, she saw him enter, and, the thought of the unpleasant circumstances in which she was now and would continue to be involved by this man, rendered him an object of dislike. He was a young man, whose outward appearance would have made neither an agreeable nor a disagreeable impression on an unfettered heart, but he was so embarrassed, so modest even to shyness, that Augusta soon recovered her own self possession. Their conversation was not very animated, but all that the stranger said, gave evidence of a cultivated mind, and when he withdrew to dress, Augusta was forced to confess to herself that the hopes she had built upon his conceit and foppery were sufficiently deceptive. She resolved so much the more to observe his character, and to sharpen her eyes for every fault and every weakness.

At table, Bentheim appeared in a simple but becoming costume; his figure looked better and his demeanor, in the presence of her father and the other guests, was less embarrassed and awkward than in a tête-à-tête with a young lady, of whose future connection with himself he had probably been informed by his father. The elder Larner seemed satisfied with him; and Augusta became more and more distressed.

From this time Bentheim was considered as a part of the family. The great shyness and stiffness of manner, consequent on his solitary education and his mode of life, gradually wore off in daily intercourse, changing into the most refined delicacy and attention to others; and in the same way were developed the talents and acquirements that graced his mind. A well chosen library that he brought with him, small collections of minerals and engravings, and his piano, which he played with masterly skill, soon introduced a kind of pleasure and enjoyment of life into Larner's house, which with all its grandeur had heretofore been wanting.

Augusta's mind, occupied with domestic cares and intercourse with her father, who had no appreciation for any thing beyond mercantile skill, had, after the death of her mother, pined for its highest enjoyments. Now it began again to unfold, and soon a large portion of Bentheim's knowledge was imparted to her. But as her mind became more cultivated, and she learned to know Bentheim more intimately, she found more and more reason to tremble for her love, for there was less and less ground for refusing his hand without discovering to her father the secret of

her heart. One hope alone remained to her, that of Bentheim's coldness, who had hitherto shown himself modest and reserved, and had given her no reason to suppose a stronger feeling had been awakened in his heart. With this doubtful satisfaction she comforted herself and not only avoided doing any thing to attract him but diligently concealed many good qualities and bright talents, and sought by a cold and courteous demeanor to extinguish any budding inclination. But in this matter, as in all the rest, she had miscalculated, and expected too much from chances and possibilities, where there was scarcely the slightest probability.

Bentheim, who knew what Augusta would be to him, who daily saw the lovely girl act in a hundred emergencies, who now, on a longer acquaintance, felt sure that no other had claims upon her heart, gave himself up to the powerful attraction that had at first led him to her; he began to love her tenderly, and it was only owing to his retiring modesty that Augusta discovered so late the existence of a feeling on whose entire absence she had confidently reckoned. But the later she made this discovery, the more respectful and tender Bentheim's manner became, the better she perceived the danger that threatened her, and the depth and strength of his virtuous love.

She now bitterly repented that she had so long deferred an explanation that had become absolutely necessary. The decisive step should have been taken long before, and the eyes of a worthy man opened to the existence of a connection, which, the longer it was concealed, would render him the more certainly and hopelessly unhappy. She consulted her intimate friend, Henry's mother, about her difficult position. She advised her to speak with her father; and Augusta would have resolved to do it, if her knowledge of her father's principles of action, and his slight appreciation of the higher wants of the heart, had not convinced her of the fruitlessness of such a step. She struggled long with herself, till, at length, in the solitude of a sleepless night, after many bitter reproaches for the culpable carelessness with which she had hazarded the happiness of an honorable man, she resolved to appeal directly to himself, and thus, if she did not attain her end entirely, at least put an end to the painful position in which she was placed, and the reproaches of her own conscience. Womanly delicacy and fear of the uncertain issue of the affair, withheld her from speaking with Bentheim; she preferred writing, and without allowing it to be perceived that she knew any thing of their parents' plans or of his love, she merely wrote to him, that the correctness of his opinions

and the high place he held in her father's estimation, had emboldened her to apply to him in a matter in which she needed his friendship and support. She then briefly related to him the beginning of her acquaintance with Clairval, her existing engagement to him, and the hindrances placed in the way of their hopes by her father's way of thinking. She entreated him to be her advocate with her father; she told him that there was no one to whom she would rather be indebted for her happiness than to him; spoke with undisguised warmth of the esteem with which his conduct had inspired her, and concluded with hoping that he would always remain her friend.

Bentheim received this letter—read it—and felt himself annihilated. It was some time before he could collect himself—could understand it clearly, or mark out the path it was necessary for him to pursue. Meanwhile, the hour for dinner arrived. It was impossible for him, before he had subdued the stormy feelings that agitated his heart, to appear before any one, least of all before Augusta. A headache served him for an excuse—the servant brought this answer, and Augusta trembled when she heard it. Larner immediately went up to his favorite. When he returned, he told his children that he had found Bentheim much discomposed and very pale, and that he had reason to suppose there was something weighing on his heart and the headache was a mere pretext. All showed the strongest sympathy in the sorrow of their loved inmate; they exhausted every supposition as to its cause, and during the whole meal talked of nothing else. Augusta was in torture; she thanked heaven when they at last rose from table; and hastened to her own room. Here she drew Clairval's portrait from her bosom, thought over the sacrifice she had made for him, and again vowed unwavering faith and courage.

Bentheim was absent from the evening meal also. He was not in the house, and they sent to some of his friends, but he was nowhere to be found. This had never happened before since he had been living at Larner's. They became anxious, and again started a thousand suppositions. Augusta awaited with the intense anxiety of a criminal, the issue of the event. Fearful possibilities crossed her mind, and the greatness of her error, the consequences of her culpable delay, stood before her in terrible colors. She put out her light, stationed herself at her window, and waited to see if Bentheim did not return to the house. She grew pale whenever the bell rang, she trembled at every sound. At length, when it was nearly midnight, it rang again. She heard Bentheim's voice; he was speaking kindly to the servant who had let him in. Oh, no music

had ever sounded so lovely to her, as these tones which relieved her soul from a crushing burden. She closed the window and laid down weary and exhausted.

The next day Bentheim appeared at table with the family. He was still pale, and his serious countenance was graver than usual; otherwise he seemed composed and took part in the conversation without any restraint. He apologized for his yesterday's absence;—he had not felt well before dinner, and as he knew the fresh air would cure him most effectually, he had taken a long walk in the country. A university friend, whom he unexpectedly met, had prevailed on him to talk of old times over a bowl of punch, and thus kept him out beyond his accustomed hours. Larner was quite satisfied; he believed the probable story, and all anxiety was at an end except for Augusta.

As she took up her work basket after breakfast, she found in it a letter from Bentheim. She shuddered, for the thought of what it might contain fell like a heavy load on her heart. As soon as possible she hastened out and opened it. It was quite short, Bentheim thanked her with respectful warmth for her confidence, promised to deserve it, and to prove to her by his conduct that her happiness was his highest aim. At the same time, he advised her at once to speak with her father, that he might hear from herself the secret of her love which could now no longer be concealed, and thus be prepared for what he had resolved to do for her.

In Augusta's heart this letter left an impression of mingled gratitude, joy and shame. She weighed Bentheim's advice and found it good. On the first good opportunity, she disclosed her secret to her father; a storm of passion ensued which she bore courageously. Larner spoke of Bentheim's claims, of his wealth, of the misfortune that her foolish infatuation and self will would bring upon his other children. She was prepared for all this; she threw herself upon Bentheim's magnanimity, which would not suffer him to take such a petty revenge, and on his want of inclination towards her. But Larner was inexorable, and declared at last, all that he could do, was not to compel her to marry against her will, but on the other hand, nothing could induce him to consent to a marriage against his. Augusta left him with an anxious heart; and a preconcerted sign apprized Bentheim that now the first step on her part had been taken.

The next morning Bentheim went to him. Mercantile transactions served as an introduction to the conversation which he at length led to the subject of Augusta's wishes, and the honorable confidence she had reposed in him. Larner was

astonished to hear a plea for Augusta's wishes from his mouth. But Bentheim played his hard part well—he spoke with warmth of Augusta's happiness, of Clairval's good qualities; he persuaded the father to look at it as a point of honor and upright dealing, which compelled us to regard even a too hasty promise. Larner wavered—Bentheim's own intercession for his destined bride convinced him that he had no inclination, no claims of his own to advance—at last he gave in and consented to Augusta's engagement to Clairval. Bentheim concluded by making a business arrangement which effaced the last trace of anxiety from Larner's mind; and he did it in such a way as to make it seem that this had been the main object of his interview, and his entreaty for Augusta a mere digression. Larner at last began to think that Bentheim had perhaps already fixed his fancy elsewhere, and had embraced this opportunity to retire with honor. He was satisfied, met Augusta kindly, and allowed her to write to Clairval.

And now the sacrifice she had asked from Bentheim was accomplished. What it had cost him, she could not know, could not conceive, for she trembled at the greatness of her obligation and his magnanimity. But she saw clearly that the calm cheerfulness which had formerly characterized him was gone; he was often away, and when Herr Larner changed his residence, he left the house altogether, under the pretext that the new quarter was too far from his place of business. He came sometimes, however, in order to avoid exciting suspicion, when Herr Larner was at home or there were other visitors. This also served to strengthen the father in his supposition. It grieved him to see his darling project thus destroyed, but he submitted to the inevitable decrees of fate, and Clairval was now expected with pleasure by all parties, though in very different degrees.

A greater happiness than they had anticipated awaited the lovers. The long desired peace was at last concluded. The warriors returned to their homes, and Clairval hastened to Augusta's arms with all the rapture of happy love and faithfulness. His bravery and skill had raised him in three years from a lieutenant to a major, and his arrival was a festival for his family. Several weeks passed away in the undisturbed enjoyment of this happiness. Clairval knew no higher pleasure than to be with Augusta; she found in his love a full recompense for all she had endured for him, and both strove to show their gratitude to the good father who had caused their happiness, by brightening the evening of his life.

The marriage of the young people would have taken place at once, had not Herr Larner declared,

that he meant no longer to have cause to tremble for the fate of his daughter and the life of his son-in-law, and therefore Clairval must resolve to undertake some civil employment that he would procure for him. If he would not do this, he must at all events await his promotion to be lieutenant colonel, the next step in rank, because he was not in a condition, without injuring his other children, to do as much for Augusta as would be necessary to render her life comfortable. Augusta heartily concurred in the first plan, and urged Clairval to forsake the service. He did not exactly refuse, but said he would wait for the promised promotion. Enjoying their newly found happiness, the lovers looked calmly forward to the decision of their fate; and only the thought of Bentheim and the sacrifice he had made to her happiness mingled a few drops of bitterness in Augusta's cup, so that she could not enjoy it without some self-reproach. She saw Bentheim but seldom after Clairval's arrival, but whenever she met him, she thought she discerned traces of a secret sorrow in his features. Every such observation was a thorn in her soul; she was forced to consider herself the cause of it, and to confess that her culpable reliance on a possibility that was to loosen all these tangled knots, had brought about the unhappiness of a noble-minded man, who, notwithstanding this, had not hesitated to sacrifice his own peace to her wishes.

The hope of attaining the rank of colonel, and with it the union of the lovers, was long deferred; two months had already passed away. The first tumult of joy was over; they grew more calm, and gradually in the flowery wreath of their pleasures, here and there a withered leaf or a little thorn began to show itself. Clairval had been a soldier from his fifteenth year. He possessed, in a full degree, all the advantages, all the virtues of his calling, and here as well as in social intercourse, Augusta could wish for nothing more. But he also possessed a large share of the faults of his profession. His mind, formed amid the tumult of a camp, was active, and did not want acuteness; but to every branch of knowledge which was not indispensably necessary to his profession, he was an entire stranger. Reading and conversation upon literary topics were a weariness to him, while cards formed his darling amusement; and accustomed every day to have his fate decided by what he considered the hand of chance, order, prudence and domestic quiet, were foreign to his nature and almost oppressive. Augusta discovered these things gradually, though she might have known them long before; for Clairval's disposition, that abhorred deceit, had not shown itself otherwise from the beginning of their acquaintance. But Augusta was then seven-

teen years old, and after that their interviews were so seldom and so tender that she had neither time nor inclination for observations of this kind. His letters revealed to her none of these peculiar traits which could only be disclosed in the familiar intercourse of daily life;—thus, notwithstanding her warm love, she was a stranger to Clairval's inward nature, and an ideal of manly perfection had floated before her in his attractive form. Now the beautiful deception gradually vanished, and she felt the difference between her own mental culture and Henry's the more keenly, as of late her association with Bentheim had made her sensible of the higher wants of the mind and the imagination. She tried to give her friend the same tastes; but all her efforts were fruitless or served only to call forth in Clairval an unpleasant feeling of the difference between himself and his betrothed. He only enjoyed conversation when he could talk of his love alone with her, or with men about wars and battles. The rest of his time, which the peace placed at his disposal, was passed at the faro-table; and Augusta saw with pain that all her entreaties, all the means that her reason and her love could suggest, were ineffectual in withdrawing him from this dangerous amusement. She sometimes succeeded in keeping him away for two or three days, but all the impression she could make in the quiet hours of conversation, was again entirely effaced by the example of his comrades, their contemptuous jests at his moderation, or the oppressive *ennui* of vacant hours.

Her bright view of the future began, gradually, to darken. Clairval was often out of humor, and Augusta could no longer hope for unchanging happiness at his side; and the more she loved him, the higher her ideas of the harmony of loving hearts, the more sad seemed the probability that there could never be perfect harmony between them. Many a discord, too, mingled with the present. Many a bitter disagreement, that left a scar in both hearts; and each scar produced a place where the heart was less soft and sensitive than before.

An accident about this time disclosed to Clairval the true relation in which Bentheim had stood to Augusta, and which her delicacy had hitherto scrupulously concealed. His displeasure, his jealousy was excited; he considered it a sort of crime that she only half informed him of this matter, and had left him in error about the most important point. He thought it showed an undue degree of feeling for Bentheim; and even when Augusta had succeeded in convincing him of his own injustice and Bentheim's noble conduct, he still retained a bitter feeling against him. He had, indeed, known before, that he owed his pos-

session of Augusta to the intercession of the disinterested Bentheim; it was an act of friendship—nothing more—just what he had done a hundred times in other ways, at a greater sacrifice, for his comrades,—what he would gladly have done for him. But to know that Augusta had been destined for him by both fathers; that he had loved her; and only, at her request, had yielded to Clairval, laid him under a degree of obligation that oppressed him painfully. This feeling mingled with his feelings for Augusta; it lessened the worth of her possession in his eyes, it involuntarily influenced his conduct towards Bentheim when he appeared at Larner's, though this happened but seldom.

This did not escape Augusta; it weighed upon her, and she sought by increased respect and gentleness in her manner towards Bentheim, in which gratitude perhaps increased the warmth, to make amends for Clairval's roughness. Clairval noticed this and did not spare his reproaches, which often amounted to harshness, and which, Augusta, conscious how much she had suffered for his sake, and how blameless and noble Bentheim was, did not always answer with becoming patience.

A scene of this kind had just taken place and had been terminated by a tedious reconciliation, when Emily came in and begged her sister to go out with her and enjoy the lovely spring morning. Henry loved walks where he could see many people; the sight of others walking had more attractions for him than the beauties of nature. Augusta differed from him in this respect, but in order to show how entirely she was reconciled to him, she proposed a walk on the ramparts, where at this time all the fashionable world of the capital could be seen. Emily was very well pleased with the proposition and Henry perceiving the delicacy of her conduct, felt ashamed and astonished. All was on the best footing possible, and they started. But they had scarcely gone on a hundred steps, when Bentheim, who seldom frequented such places, met them with several of his companions. He bowed to them and Augusta kindly returned his salutation. Henry, who remarked it, darted an angry glance upon Bentheim, and touched his hat as slightly as the most distant courtesy would permit. Augusta saw this and it pained her, and the sad melancholy look that Bentheim gave her remained in her soul and contrasted strangely with Henry's rough demeanor. She forebore to speak, however, and walked quietly by his side. He observed it and asked the reason; she coldly excused herself.

"It is very strange," he began "that all those who do not ordinarily like this walk should come

here to-day, as if by agreement," and he emphasised the word "*agreement*." Augusta looked at him. Her glance might have convinced him of his injustice and her innocence had he not been blinded by jealousy. He went on with his cutting speeches. She did not answer, but the tears started to her eyes, and through the tears she constantly saw Bentheim's sad eyes and the look of sorrow he had given her. Had he remarked Clairval's conduct, understood it and pitied her? Was it sympathy, sorrow, love? These ideas were constantly before her mind, and made her in part forget Henry's harsh treatment.

On their return, they met a poor woman with two little children. Her clean but very poor attire, her manner, and the sick looks of the children, spoke for her as much as her own words. Clairval looked at Augusta. She understood him; he approached the woman, spoke kindly to her, and found she was the widow of an officer who had not yet received her pension, and whose third child lay at home very ill. Clairval's face glowed with sympathy and noble zeal; he emptied his purse into the woman's hand, inquired where she lived, and gave her his address that she might apply to him in case of need.

A sweet feeling overflowed Augusta's heart at this scene. Now she could again love her Henry. When they were alone, she sank on his breast and embraced him with tears in her eyes. He pressed her tenderly to his heart, apologized for his jealousy and a good understanding was again established, especially as several days passed away without his again meeting Bentheim anywhere.

The morning after their walk, Augusta made up a bundle of linen and clothes that had been laid aside, and took it herself to the officer's widow in order to learn more of her circumstances. She found all exactly as the woman had described, only the poverty seemed more pressing, the misery greater when she saw it before her eyes in the poor little garret without stove or furniture, where a sick child, most insufficiently clad, was breathing away his life on the bare straw. Augusta shuddered, she gave what she had with her and promised to come soon again.

She did so in the course of a fortnight, during which she had no new dispute with Clairval, though a hundred little misunderstandings showed how little their dispositions could harmonise. In a sad mood, lost in confused thoughts from the labyrinth of which she could find no escape, she went to the widow, taking her some other articles of clothing, and yarn for knitting, as the woman had asked for work. She hoped by these benevolent employments to dissipate the sadness of her spirit. On entering she was surprised to

find the room well cleaned, filled with a genial warmth, her sick child in a common but clean bed, and every where traces of an evidently improved condition. The woman hastened to her with a joyous countenance:

"Ah, my sweet lady! You come when you are called. Does not every thing about us look differently? A good angel has taken pity on me and my children, and has helped us most effectually. Look! all, all is from him."

She led Augusta, as in triumph, round the room, showed her some chairs, two nice beds, a chest, spinning wheels for her daughter, and new linen she was to make up. She showed her also the clothes she had made partly out of those brought by Augusta, and partly new, and, added with tears of joyful emotion, that she had now hope of saving her youngest child, as a physician visited him regularly, and all that he had needed was proper treatment.

"And where," said Augusta, who could scarcely restrain her tears at the woman's touching joy, "where did all this blessing come from?"

"Ah! as I told you just now," she answered, "it is an angel of God that has been sent to us: it can be nothing else." And now she related to Augusta that about eight days before, when the money that the officer, Augusta's companion, had given her was expended for their debts and most pressing necessity, and no hope of farther help appearing, in her desperation she had determined to do what was bitterest of all—to beg.

"I scarcely dared," she continued, "to look in the faces of those I addressed. A gentle voice that answered me in a tone of sympathy gave me courage to look up. A young man stood before me. I saw, as with you, that my appearance had touched him more than my words. He spoke kindly to me; inquired where I lived, and gave me a trifle. He came in the afternoon, discovered our circumstances and promised assistance. My debts were already discharged by your companion's liberal present, and what I now most needed was furniture, clothes, and advice for my child. The benevolent young man procured all. He sent us a physician, promised to interest himself about my pension, and asked me if, until I received it, I could support myself and my children comfortably if he procured me well paid work? I understand all kinds of woman's work, and have always accustomed my children to it; so that I joyfully embraced an offer that secured me a respectable living. Since then, the good gentleman has constantly supplied me with work, which he pays for so liberally that I scarcely like to mention it. He says it is not charity; he only wishes to encourage our industry, he says.

Oh! I understand his noble motives," she added, with tears, "and, surely, good lady, I will show myself worthy of them until heaven places me in a condition when I shall no longer need his kindness."

Augusta promised the woman that she also would supply her with work, and the widow led her to a table and showed her some very fine linen of which she was to make some shirts after a pattern which lay beside them. Augusta examined it, and was struck by the initials, E. B. that were marked upon it.

"Do you not know the name of your angel?" she inquired.

"No," answered the woman, "that is the only thing that grieves me. He conceals his name, and brings and takes away every thing himself."

She described his appearance, and every feature confirmed Augusta in the supposition that it was Bentheim, who had given his aid with equal humanity and discretion. Her heart beat at the thought.

"I think I know your angel," she said, at last, and a slight blush overspread her countenance, "tell him when he comes again, that a lady who knows and reverences the greatness of his soul, has discovered his secret." She pressed the woman's hand, and returned hastily home.

During the whole day she could not avoid thinking of Bentheim, and she always saw him with the same look he had given her when they met on the ramparts. Towards evening, Clairval came in vexed and out of humor. Augusta inquired the reason. At first he denied it entirely; then said he had had some difficulties with the captain of his regiment who would not prolong his furlough. Augusta believed it, and, to change his thoughts, told him she had been to see the widow. She had scarcely spoken the word when Clairval rose up hastily.

"Ah! the widow," he exclaimed, slapped his forehead, and went up and down the room with rapid steps.

"What is the matter, Henry?"

"Ah, the cursed queen of diamonds! those cursed cards! I had laid aside something to give her, and I was so glad of it—now it is all gone! the whole stake has gone to the devil!"

Thus he went on, cursing himself, his comrades and the cards. Augusta felt a cold shudder creep over her, and she felt unspeakably grieved at this wild outbreak. She did not attempt to interrupt him. He was vexed at this, and reproached her with taking no interest in his concerns. She answered him calmly and with dignity, and reminded him of the countless times she had entreated him not to gamble, and of his own promises. This excited him still more.

His losses had ruffled his temper, and her answer put him in a rage. She was offended at his conduct, and a scene ensued, which ended in their parting mutually displeased; and Augusta, thought, with a heavy heart of her lot by the side of this man.

Now, for the first time, she began to draw comparisons. Now she reflected for whose sake she had broken Bentheim's heart; for what sort of man she had destroyed his hopes. But she had pledged her word to Clairval and the world looked on their union as certain. Clairval loved her and was only weak, not wicked. She burst into tears; she saw that nothing could be done, and resolved not to deceive his hopes also, to give him her hand though she could not hope to be happy with him.

Just at this time, when she was doubting and struggling and only her sense of duty prevailed over her secret wishes, all Clairval's hopes of becoming lieutenant colonel were defeated. A relative of the commanding officer received the post, and there was little farther prospect of promotion during the peace which was expected to continue longer than it really did. Larner and Augusta earnestly entreated Clairval to resign and enter into the civil office which Larner insured to him. As it was now necessary to make a final decision, Clairval refused decidedly to leave the service for which alone he felt himself fit, in which alone he could find his enjoyment or pleasure.

"I shall certainly not remain here with my wife," said he, with a significant glance at Augusta. "If she loves me truly, she will be willing to follow me wherever I am led by the calling that I cannot and will not forsake."

Neither Larner nor Augusta could conceal their feelings at this declaration; the father was especially wounded by his determination to take his darling child altogether from him. He said so very plainly. Augusta said little, but bitter thoughts were in her soul. Clairval's indomitable love of his calling seemed to her only a rooted preference for a wild, roving life. The unthinking cruelty with which he would take her from her father's arms, and the comforts of a peaceful life, and expose her to all the hardships of his situation, when it was in his power to gratify all their wishes, made her feel indignant; and the question presented itself whether a too hasty promise could compel her to sacrifice every thing to a man who would sacrifice nothing for her,—whether her own happiness should not be somewhat regarded.

Meanwhile, she commanded herself so far as to answer Clairval's violent declaration with calmness, and sought to soothe her irritated father

by proposing to defer the decision to some other time; until then they could all reflect more upon it. She withdrew. Clairval would have followed her, but she forbade him, and when alone, resigned herself to the painful reflections excited by the events of the whole period of time since Bentheim's entrance into the house to this hour.

The next morning, when alone with her father, the conversation reverted to their yesterday's dissension. Larner's spirit was roused anew at the remembrance of Clairval's ingratitude, and he began, what he had ceased to do for a long time, to express his dislike of this alliance; how he had seen from the beginning that little good would result from it; how the consequences had justified his opinion, and how much more sensible was his plan with Bentheim; how much happier she would have been with him. And then he related, in a long series, all the good qualities of his favorite, and all Clairval's faults. A painful feeling in Augusta's heart accorded with her father's words. She had to confess to herself that Bentheim responded far better to the requisitions of her heart and mind, and would have realized her ideas of happiness in life better than Clairval; but on account of her former love to him, and the obstinacy with which she had insisted on their engagement, she thought herself obliged to oppose her father. The old man was very angry; he overwhelmed her with reproaches, and went to his counting room much displeased. She bore all this, supported by the consciousness of having acted rightly, and fulfilled her duties to Clairval however unjust and ungrateful he might be. But her father had spoken significant words, words that had long been hidden deep in her soul, which she had been afraid even to think, but which now appeared in the light of truth and could no longer be recalled. She would have been happier with Bentheim! This idea haunted her continually. In vain she sought to banish it, in vain she recalled all Clairval's good qualities; Bentheim always had the advantage, and the excuse for her former blind love, that she had not known him, could not satisfy her, for she had had time enough to know Bentheim well; she had seen him act on important occasions; and what gave him the preference was not outward attraction, youthful feeling—it was deep esteem founded on conviction, and the strange mingling of conscious wrong done him, sympathy and gratitude, that placed his loved image in a still clearer light.

She had constantly to endure very unpleasant scenes with Clairval; the contested point of his resignation was not yet settled; it was constantly discussed and always caused the parties to separate with bitter and unpleasant feelings. In

order to bring back more healthy feelings to her heart, Augusta resolved to visit the officer's widow and bring home the work she had given her. The wish to hear something of Bentheim whom she had not seen for more than a fortnight, perhaps, secretly, influenced her; at least the remembrance of him accompanied her. She went up, opened the door and—he stood before her.

She was really frightened; Bentheim also seemed surprised at seeing her. The widow haatened towards her.

"Oh, you have just come in time my sweet young lady! I have just been telling the gentleman that you knew him." Bentheim came nearer.

"You have found me out," said he. "You suspect me of doing good—I thank you for it. I thank the impulse of your kind heart that brought us here together."

He pressed her hand and looked at her half tenderly, half sorrowfully. She was much embarrassed but in order to say something, she began—

"It is so long since we have seen each other."

She did not think of the answer she called forth. He looked at her earnestly.

"You know, my friend, what relation—it is impossible for me—it is—I hope you understand me without saying any thing more."

She saw the imprudence of her question. She said nothing, she trembled and pressed his hand which still held hers and a tear fell on it that she in vain endeavored to restrain. Bentheim looked at her with astonishment;—this deep emotion amazed him. The widow was called by her sick child. He looked at Augusta with an inquiring eye.

"Are you happy, my friend?" said he, earnestly. "Are you happy?" She was greatly agitated, yet she retained sufficient self-command to answer with apparent calmness,

"I am contented."

"Contented?" exclaimed Bentheim, with a sigh. "Ah! if you were not even that; if, all that has been done—" he stopped suddenly. "Forgive my intrusive question, my friend! nothing but the ardent wish to know of your happiness can excuse it." He let go her hand and turned quickly towards the window.

She restrained her tears with difficulty, and bent forward to caress the children who were playing joyfully around her, while the widow hastened to Bentheim to speak to him of her affairs. Augusta also commanded herself so far as to take part in the conversation, which turned upon the good woman's hope of a pension for herself and a place in a school for her eldest girl. At length Augusta prepared to depart. Bentheim offered her his arm and they went together; but

sadly, and almost in silence. At the door of the house Larner met them; he appeared surprised but not displeased at seeing them.

"Where are you coming from, children?" he said, pleasantly. They looked at each other with a little embarrassment and smiled—neither would speak for fear of betraying the other.

"How is this?" said Larner, at last. "Is it a secret?"

Augusta at length replied and related the little history. Her father was much affected by it; he kissed Augusta's fair forehead and pressed Bentheim's hand.

"You are both good children," he said, "and are so much alike in many respects. God will reward your goodness!"

Augusta changed color frequently while he spoke; she feared each moment that he would say something that might prove very embarrassing to Bentheim and herself. Bentheim's face glowed also, and a warm glance that he threw upon Augusta told her that he sympathised in her feelings. Larner would not allow Bentheim to leave them; he must remain to dinner; must sing and play with Augusta on the piano forte, as he did in those happy days, when he lived in the house with them.

Augusta saw, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, that she was still warmly and truly beloved by this noble hearted youth; but she saw, also, how great the effort it had cost him to remain master of himself. When he had left them, she shed many tears over his sorrows; and an emotion, far warmer than compassion, far sweeter than esteem, arose in her heart which no affection could subdue. Larner was unceasing in sounding his praises, and in instituting disadvantageous comparisons between him and Henry. On that very evening he made a not very gentle, and also a not very happy effort, to induce the latter to resign his commission. Clairval remained decided and harsh in his refusal. The indignant father gave him at last to understand, very plainly, that he was not yet married to Augusta, and that a hasty promise might easily be recalled when nothing but unhappiness could result from its fulfilment. Clairval replied that Augusta's heart was her own, that she had bestowed her affections on him and that if Larner persisted in opposing their marriage, they could postpone it for a couple of years, when she would be of age and capable of acting for herself. Thus they parted, mutually irritated. Clairval came much less frequently to visit his betrothed, and then only when he knew her father was from home; in fact, after so many misunderstandings and disputes he felt more bound to her by honor than by passion.

Bentheim's question, whether Augusta was happy? had not been an entirely accidental one. He was aware of Clairval's fondness for play, and of the dissipated habits he had contracted, and he trembled for the happiness of the gentle being to whom he had sacrificed his own. He inquired, and heard of the misunderstandings that had arisen between them, which Clairval, in the heat of his displeasure, had not been always careful enough to conceal from his comrades, among whom was a near relation of Bentheim's. From this source he learned, that he had, at times, been the object of Clairval's jealousy; he knew that this feeling had induced his cold salutation on the ramparts, and had altogether a tolerably correct idea of Augusta's situation, which on the one side was exquisitely painful to him, but, on the other, particularly after their meeting at the widow's, caused a ray of hope to illuminate his soul. Augusta's manner had never before been so gentle towards him; her glance had never before expressed so much sympathy and warmth of feeling; he must have been more than man, had he not been affected by it, especially with his present knowledge of Clairval's character; but he controled himself so far as often to refuse Larner's pressing invitations, and when he was with Augusta, guarded his feelings so carefully that even she was deceived, and believed herself forgotten.

But he did not escape Clairval's suspicions. Two of his comrades, who frequented the coffee-house opposite the widow's, had occasionally seen Bentheim, and occasionally Augusta enter the house, and once had even seen them leave it arm in arm. These accounts were enough, in his present state of feeling, to excite his jealousy afresh, and give rise to his low suspicions. The rough raillery of his comrades gave the finish to the hateful picture, and it was determined to keep watch for both.

Since the day she had met Bentheim at the widow's, Augusta had not visited her; a feeling of delicacy had kept her away. But now her father gave her a bundle for the woman, and she took it there at an hour when she knew Bentheim would be occupied in business. She learned that he also had not been there since, and, therefore, promised the widow, who complained bitterly that she was deserted by both her guardian angels, that she would occasionally repeat her visits. The officers watched in vain; they followed stealthily after her; they inquired at the house, it was all in vain, Bentheim was not to be seen. Clairval began to despise their project, and his better feelings would have resumed their sway had he not feared their derision and persuaded himself that his honor required him to

proceed. He, therefore, once followed Augusta himself, at a distance, though she had never made any secret of her visits to the widow, and placed himself in ambush at the coffee-house.

On that very day an unfortunate chance led Bentheim thither, who, on Augusta's account, had until now avoided the widow and sent his assistance through a confidential servant. But to-day, he had the glad tidings to bring her of his success in obtaining her pension, and he could not deny his heart that happiness. Clairval had been about a quarter of an hour at his post, when Bentheim entered the house where Augusta was sitting with the widow. Clairval would have rushed out at once, but his revengeful heart promised him a yet sweeter triumph, in surprising them a few moments later in their confidential tête à tête, when he might overwhelm the faithless one with merited reproaches, and thus break the last bond that united him to one so little suited to his taste as this sentimental, learned Augusta. He therefore waited a little while and then stormed up the stairs and threw the door violently open. Bentheim was sitting by the widow, endeavoring to moderate her joyful ecstacy, while Augusta was in a distant corner of the room occupied with the eldest girl. All rose on his entrance; the widow was terrified, for she did not immediately recognise him. A suspicion of what might be the true motive of his visit flashed across Augusta's mind, but the wish to excuse the once beloved Clairval banished it at once and she advanced quickly and kindly towards him; but Bentheim remarked his enraged expression and the threatening manner in which he laid his hand upon his sword, and asked him in a bold and decided tone,

"What he wanted here?"

The situation in which he found the little party at the widow's was so different from what he had expected, that Clairval felt already ashamed of the unseemly part he was acting, and this feeling increased his rage. Bentheim's bold question gave it a welcome object, and enabled him to reply, angrily.

"I ask you the same thing. What is the meaning of these private interviews with the betrothed of another in this equivocal place?"

A scornful glance at the widow explained his meaning more fully. The woman began to defend herself; he told her to be silent. Bentheim's self-command deserted him and he answered Clairval as he deserved. Augusta, terrified beyond expression rushed between them—she attempted to explain to Clairval and to pacify Bentheim, but it was useless. Every word, every glance of the two men, inflamed the quarrel, until Clairval at length challenged his

opponent who accepted it immediately. Augusta and the widow tried to avert the danger; the latter fell on her knees before Bentheim and besought him to preserve his life; Augusta also seemed more anxious about him than her betrothed. This made him furious; he drew his sword and attacked Bentheim. The widow rose from her knees in affright; Augusta threw herself with a loud cry upon Bentheim's breast, as if she would preserve his life and clung to him with agonised affection.

This movement changed the whole scene. Bentheim, in a perfect exstacy, forgot the rage of his enemy, and his naked sword; he pressed Augusta to his heart, he told her how ardently he loved her, and felt nothing but the happiness of seeing himself beloved in return. The widow folded her hands and looked with gratitude to heaven. Clairval dropped his sword.

"Is it so?" said he, bitterly, and, as if confounded by the sudden change. But the next instant, Bentheim's look of happiness, and a glance at Augusta who still was in his arms, called back all his anger; he tore her from him and threw her violently upon a seat saying scornfully,—

"You shall meet me, sir! though you entrench yourself behind all the women upon earth."

"This instant!" cried Bentheim, "were it only to set this maiden free from an unworthy man who is capable of ill treating her."

Clairval seized Bentheim's arm and pulled him out with him. They noise they made in leaving the room aroused Augusta from the stupefaction into which fear and agitation had thrown her. She sprang forward and would have hastened after them, but when she reached the door her strength failed her and she sank exhausted in the widow's arms. The poor woman exerted herself in vain to comfort her, and sent her eldest daughter into the street to see what intelligence she could gain. The child returned with news little calculated to calm them; she had seen Clairval and Bentheim leave the coffee-house with two officers, and hasten with them down the street leading towards the gate.

A fearfully long hour passed, during which Augusta and the widow could learn nothing, though the child was sent out from time to time to see if any of them returned. Every noise startled them; they were frightened at every sound; but no one came; all was quiet in the widow's dwelling, and worn out with suffering, Augusta had thrown herself into a seat, folded her hands upon her bosom and thus waited to know her fate. At length she heard a step upon the stairs. The door of the outer room opened, the decisive moment had come and sure that

something terrible had happened she almost would have recalled the lesser anguish of uncertainty. She would have hastened to the door but she could not. Speechless, pale and trembling she motioned with her hand that the widow should open it. With a cry of joy she sank into Bentheim's arms, who hastened towards her.

"You live! you live!" she cried, almost fainting with joy. "Oh, God! I thank thee! My agony is over."

He pressed her to his breast and both were for a moment silent, till Augusta exclaimed.

"Where is Clairval? He is only wounded—slightly wounded?"

Bentheim looked earnestly and inquiringly at her as he replied.

"Major Clairval lives, and is not wounded; there was but little blood shed at our meeting."

"Oh, heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are yourself wounded—there is blood upon your arm."

"A trifle," he replied, and would have withdrawn his hand, but she still retained it while she tenderly inquired with tearful eyes about the slight scratch he had received in the arm.

"Oh! how can I ever repay you?" she cried, with emotion, "you have hazarded your life for me!" She wept bitterly. Bentheim could not mistake this evidence of true affection, he threw his arm around her and pressed her again to his heart.

"Can you indeed love me, Augusta?" he whispered, gently. "Can you fulfil the wishes of our parents?"

She pressed his hand while a look answered him.

As soon as Augusta had recovered from her agitation, the happy pair hastened to Larner, to delight the beloved father with the joyful news. They entered his apartment hand in hand, and their looks, their embarrassment, Bentheim's half uttered words and Augusta's tears, by degrees revealed every thing to him. He embraced them

and blessed them with the deepest emotion, saying that he should renew his youth in witnessing their happiness.

After several days, Larner, and through him Augusta, received an account of the whole affair with Clairval, from Bentheim's cousin, who had been his second. On their way to the place of meeting, Bentheim's passion had time to cool. He had always been principled against duelling, and a glance at Augusta's situation should he either conquer or fall stung his bosom with remorse. Yet it was too late to retreat; honor commanded, he must either renounce her or life; he could not hesitate which to choose—he resolved not to kill, but to die. The first shot was given to him as the person challenged. He took the pistol, aimed steadily at Clairval who in a fury stood opposite to him, turned the weapon aside and discharged it in the air. The seconds remarked his intentional forbearance and made his adversary aware of it also. Bentheim said calmly,

"It is now the major's shot."

Trembling with anger Clairval seized the pistol, and aimed directly at Bentheim's breast, but his hand shook and the shot only grazed his arm from which a few drops of blood fell upon the ground.

"It is enough," cried the officers, "blood has been shed and that is all that honor demands."

Clairval raved like a madman. He insisted that Bentheim should take another pistol, but the latter positively refused to shoot again. The officers all sided with Bentheim, and Clairval was at last obliged to yield.

"Go! take your paltry triumph!" he cried, with bitter rage. "I yield the field to you. Go! tell Augusta that I hate her, and that I curse the day on which we met!"

He rushed off, hastened home, threw himself on his horse, and in a few hours was with his regiment. He never saw Augusta again.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language? sweet, I know no tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare,
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare:
Their language? Prythee! why they are themselves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—
Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly pleading,
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—
Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE STARS.*

FROM LAMARTINE.

It is the hour for thought—a holy hour—
When twilight steals from its celestial home,
And day to distant mountains bids farewell.
Far in the western horizon, her robe
Sweeps slowly o'er the firmament obscure,
Where, in the azure, the dim stars revive.
Those globes of fire, those isles of living light,
Spring up by thousands from dispersing shade,
Like golden dust beneath the steps of Night ;
And eve's soft zephyr, stealing o'er her path,
Sows them by clusters in the brilliant sky,—
Some hover o'er the summit of the woods,
As if celestial bird, with rapid wing
Had strown in opening, sparkling sheaves of light ;
Others in waves extend themselves in air,
Like pebbles glistening with the ocean foam ;
These, like a courser flying to the goal,
Fling to the winds the long and flowing mane ;
Those, half reposing on the distant sky,
Seem soft eyes opened o'er a sleeping world ;
While on the edge of th' ethereal vault,
Light stars are floating in the azure pure,
As white-robed sail from distant ports returned,
O'er ocean glistening in the morn obscure.

Of those bright orbs, sublimest of His works,
God only knows, the number, distance, age—
Some growing old, are fading from our view ;
Others are lost in ether's far off depths ;
While some, like flowers, new springing from his hand,
Rise, with a glory radiant of youth,
And dart at once into the fields of space—
Their new born being, man salutes and names.
Amid this pure, celestial, radiant throng,
One mild and solitary star I view,
Which speaks of consolation to my heart ;
Whose glory, veiled in robes of mystery,
To me recalls a look which beamed on earth.—
Perhaps—ah ! will it not to its far home
Convey at least the name which love has given.

Meanwhile the night moves on, and in th' abyss
These floating worlds their silent path pursue ;
While we, borne with them in their onward course
Towards an unknown port, ourselves advance.
Often by night, while zephyrs gently breathe,
Earth seems a vessel floating in the air.
Her mountains, covered with a brilliant foam,

* The fair translator, in sending us this fine poem, states that it has previously been communicated by her to the columns of a country newspaper.—ED.

Cleave with a steady course the restless wave—
On azure billows now majestic rides,
While 'gainst her prow aerial surges dash,
And through her masts the fitful breezes moan,
And man floats o'er the fathomless abyss,
Secure, confiding in the Pilot's faith.

Suns, wandering worlds, which sail through space
with us,
Say, if ye can, to what celestial port
The unseen hand of Deity now guides ?
Are we, in realms of silence and of wo,
On some vast rock at midnight to be thrown,
Strewing immensity with heaps of wreck ?
Or, wafted gently to some brighter shore,
And on the eternal anchor ever fixed,
On waves serene, peaceful and safe to ride ?

You, who float nearest the celestial vault—
Perchance, ye sparkling worlds, our fate ye know.
That purer ocean, where you tranquil glide,
More lively glories opens to the view,
More brilliant ye than us, your knowledge more,
For light the emblem is of holy truth.
Might I believe the language of your rays,
Silvering the forest's high, transparent dome,
Or sudden glancing o'er the troubled waves,
Calming the fury of the ocean foam—
That hallowed radiance, milder far than day,
Breathing of love, of virtue and of prayer—
Might I believe th' instinctive soft desire,
Which towards you directs the sight of love,
The eye of beauty, dream of long lost bliss,
The eagle's and the poet's loftiest flight,
Temples of Eden ! brilliant palaces !
Ye are the abodes of innocence and peace,—
All that we seek of truth and holy love,
Those fruits, which fallen from heaven we taste on earth
Forever nourish, in your purer climes,
The favored children of a happier life ;
And man, restored to his celestial home
May there find all he loved and lost on earth.
Alas ! how oft in vigils of the night,
When the freed soul its holiest worship pays,
I fain would soar above this low abode,
And 'mid the dazzling spheres which I behold
Join your bright throng, ye radiant flowers of heaven,
Beside whose splendor earthly flowers are dim—
Another star in heaven's pavement sown,
To ope' beneath the footsteps of my God,

Or sparkle on his brow, the palest gem
Amid the glories of his diadem.

In the pure crystal of the azure waves,
Recalling oft to mind my natal globe;
Each night, alone, to linger would I come
With soft light beaming on the mounts of earth,
Beneath the forest's leafy arch's glance,
Sleep on the meadows, float upon the waves,
And gently pierce the veil of flying clouds,
Like glance of love, half hid by modesty—
To man would I my holiest visits pay;
And if there is on earth a pensive brow,
If there are eyes which know no gentle sleep,
Souls bathed in sorrow, hearts oppressed with care,
Pouring their sacred griefs before God's throne,
My ray, winged by the magic power of love,
Shall on the darkened brow delight to dwell,
Its gentle radiance, around them shed,
Shall on their bosoms rest, smile in their eyes;
To them will I reveal, in words sublime,

The secret which misfortune only knows;
Dry up their tears; and when in morning's eye
My face grows pale upon the distant sky,
Its last look, as it meets their softened gaze,
Shall leave them still a vague and holy dream
Of mingling peace and hope, and worn with sighs,
Yet they may softly sleep before the dawn.

And you bright sisters, my companion-stars,
Enamelling the blue etherial plains,
Measuring your footsteps by the lyres of heaven,
And mingling in their high harmonious strains;
I follow you in this celestial chain,
Led by the power which moves you safely on—
Ye through this wilderness my steps shall guide,
This labyrinth of fire, wherein the gaze
Wearies, and in immensity is lost.
Still shall ye teach my soul to praise, to love
Him whom we seek, perchance whom ye behold,
Till lost in glory's fount, our trembling rays,
Throughout eternity partakes this bliss.

NIGHT.

BY CATHARINE H. W. ESLING.

NIGHT shineth through her glittering robe in majesty
and power,
The silent stars a flood of light in dazzling radiance
shower,
The distant hills, the smiling vales, are bathed in its
pure beams,
While the fair queen of summer eve gilds the glad
running streams.

She cometh in her loveliness, that bright and envied
one,
To pour the treasure of her heart in solitude
alone;
To bend upon the fresh green earth in thankfulness
the knee,
For the bright blessings and the gifts, great God,
which flow from thee.

The thrilling of the silver lute may sound in stately
halls,
But softer strains of music sing in murmuring water-
falls,
The gleaming of a thousand lights may blend in radi-
ance bright,
But pale—before the eternal orb, that gems the clouds
of night.

Night is the time for gentle thought—a calm, and
solemn time,—
A voice is in the whispering wind, and in the waters'
chime,

A holy power, a spirit guard, around our path is
thrown—
Oh! how much nearer God we are in the still night
alone.

To note his wonders one by one burst on the watch-
ing eye,
The glorious harmony that rules the far-spread bound-
less sky,
The studded roof that canopies the world with living
light—
Thine is the time for solemn thought, thou still, mys-
terious night.

Faith dwelleth not in fretted domes, where chiselled
columns wear
The pride of man—an earthly taint still darkly lingers
there;
But 'mid the wilds of nature stands the temple, and
its dome
The vaulted skies, where the strayed heart can find
again its home.

Wherever stands a giant rock, or springs a budding
tree,
Where'er a gushing streamlet leaps, they ever speak
of thee;
And though awhile our wayward feet in error's paths
may fall,
Still there's a ray that lures them back—the lamp
above us all.

to become rich and was at sufficient at small
interval of time. I may have had better
grains of wheat, but, except the first and
second, all of them strengthen me, as has great
experience taught me to do, and of those who
short stalked ones were, always, of smaller
size even—so, however, we of self-conceit in
our own merit, must be aptly reminded, when
we see, which will make him to us,
and a rough glimmering light.

For Arthur's Magazine.

SUCCESS!

BY ONE OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

How important is success! All great actions, and small ones, are followed by praise or condemnation, according to their success or failure. Had the Duke of Wellington lost the battle of Waterloo, he would have been tried by a court martial, and, most probably, broken-winning it, he was heaped with honors; yet, his failure and defeat, would not have made his conduct more reprehensible, nor did his victory make it less so. Had General Jackson lost the Battle of New Orleans, every mouth would have condemned, as arbitrary and overbearing, a course, which is now considered to have been the essential to his success.

Wise judges are we of actions! Causes are forgotten—effects only are noticed. In many instances, we certainly have no other means of judging actions than by their effects—not so in all cases—there are thousands, nay, millions of instances on record, of people having been praised, or blamed, with a total disregard to intentions. We seem to require a fresh arrangement—a new standard, whereby to judge—another crucible in which to refine our gold.

Men's intentions ought to decide as to their merit or demerit. Success cannot be commanded. The man who least deserves it, most frequently procures it, while he who is worthy of it, gets an allowance of an inverse ratio to his merits.

The doctrine that success may be always obtained is not true. It is a creed promulgated by the successful, with a view to convince others, as well as themselves, that their talents and genius have met a proper reward. The opposite doctrine, so frequently acted upon, produces supineness and indolence—a middle course is the true one.

That success in all undertakings is partially dependent upon the energy, caution, and determination used in endeavoring to accomplish them, is pretty evident; but, there are so many varied circumstances, over which, neither wisdom nor courage can ensure control, that much of our good or ill fortune must necessarily be attributa-

ble to other means than our own ability. Prudent measures, combined with courage and perseverance, rarely fail in procuring a desired object; but, although great and noble actions have been achieved by this desirable combination, there have been many men, possessed of wisdom, courage, and perseverance, in an eminent degree, who have wholly failed in their undertakings—and that as before remarked, solely from the fact of there being a number of things connected with their enterprise, over which, neither wisdom, nor courage have any control. Suppose a couple of generals, equal in their tactics and courage, with each an army equal in numbers—the men equally disciplined by the wisdom and skill of their officers,—yet one army might have more physical strength than the other, simply from a difference of diet, produced by passing through a country where food, particularly animal food, was more plentiful than in that district through which the other had passed,—that physical superiority would in all probability decide the battle, and the victorious general be considered infinitely superior to his opponent, although the district of country through which each had to pass—the point upon which success or failure hinged—was a matter of necessity, not choice.

This instance, perhaps, is by no means a good one, but it is the first that occurs; hundreds of others could be brought forward—nevertheless, one will serve for an illustration as well as a thousand. The object is to show that men may have excellent intentions, without the means of carrying them out,—that there are things which no virtuous efforts can control, and that, consequently, we should not be led away by the mere fact of success, which is frequently produced by adventitious aid, reflecting no credit whatever upon the successful.

That we cannot entirely see into men's minds is clear, but do we see as far as we can? Do we not rather blindly and contentedly blunder on, satisfied with deciding in the ordinary way,

believing the hypocritical pretender to excellence rather than the modest professor, and yielding that praise to the undeservedly successful, which ought to be awarded only to true merit? Success is no proof of desert—the man whose benevolence led him to strive to benefit a thousand of his fellow creatures, even though he failed, would deserve more credit, than he who had successfully aided a hundred, because his idea was more noble, more comprehensive, and his want of capacity should excite regret rather than

blame. It is fruitless to say that the amount of practical benefit derived from the latter is greater than from the former. God judges by the intentions, and as his judgment must be the wisest, ours ought to be based upon similar principles—in addition to which, were such decisions made, in opposition to our present ones—were such efforts appreciated, 'spite of their failure—others with more means, would adopt the same views, and society would ultimately deserve the originally intended benefit.

V A L E D I C T O R Y S T A N Z A S .

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[THE recent death of the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Hope," gives a new interest to whatever he has written. Among the most spirited of his minor poems, is the following Valedictory Stanzas to J. P. Kemble, composed for a public meeting held in June, 1817. They will bear reading over until every line is remembered.—ED.]

PRIDE of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past ;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble ! fare thee well !
His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends :
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb,
Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt ?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.
High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here !
In words to paint your memory

Of Kemble and of Lear ;
But who forgets that white disrowned head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt ?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,
And undivided favor ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause.
Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your *Kemble's* spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste :—
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :—
And must we lose them now ?
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly pleasing brow ?
Alas, the moral brings a tear !—
'Tis all a transient hour below ;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go !
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review :—
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !

T. B. MACAULAY.

"YES, from the records of my youthful state,
And from the lore of bards and sages old,
From whatsoe'er my wakened thoughts create,

Have I collected language to unfold
Truth to my countrymen."—SHELLEY.

"Arma, virumque," &c.—VIRGIL.

"And in triumphant chair was set on high
The ancient glories of the Roman peers."—SPENSER.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY is the son of Zachary Macaulay, well known as the friend of Wilberforce. In 1818, T. B. Macaulay became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1822. He distinguished himself as a student, having obtained a scholarship, twice gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse, and also gained the second Craven Scholarship, the highest honor in classics which the University confers. Owing to his dislike of mathematics, he did not compete for honors at graduation, but nevertheless he obtained a Fellowship at the October competition open to graduates of Trinity, which he appears to have resigned before his subsequent departure for India. He devoted much of his time to the "Union" debating Society, where he was reckoned an eloquent speaker.

Mr. Macaulay studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1826. In the same year his "Essay on Milton" appeared in the "Edinburgh Review;" and out of Lord (then Mr.) Jeffrey's admiration of that paper, arose an intimate friendship. Macaulay, visiting Scotland soon afterwards, went the circuit with Mr. Jeffrey. His connection with the "Edinburgh Review" has continued at intervals ever since.

By the Whig administration Mr. Macaulay was appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts. He commenced his parliamentary career about the same period, as member for Colne in the Reform Parliament of 1832, and again for Leeds in 1834, at which time he was secretary to the India Board. His seat was, however, soon relinquished, for in the same year he was appointed member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, under the East India Company's new charter.

Arriving in Calcutta, in September, 1834, Mr. Macaulay shortly assumed an important trust in addition to his seat at the Council. At the request of the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck, he became President of the commission of five, appointed to frame a penal code for India; and the principal provisions of this code have been attributed to him. One of its enactments, in particular, was so unpopular among the English inhabitants, as to receive the appellation of the "Black Act." It abolished the right of appeal from the Local Courts to the Supreme Court at the Presidency, hitherto exclusively enjoyed by Europeans, and put them on the same footing with natives, giving to both an equal right of appeal to the highest Provincial Courts. Inconvenience and delay of justice had been caused by the original practice, even when India was closed against Europeans in general, but such practice was obviously incompatible with the rights and property of the natives under the new system of opening the country to general resort. This measure of equal justice, however, exposed Mr. Macaulay, to whom it was universally attributed, to outrageous personal attacks in letters, pamphlets, and at public meetings.

The various reforms and changes instituted by Lord W. Bentinck and Lord Auckland, were advocated in general by Mr. Macaulay. He returned to England in 1838.

Mr. Macaulay was elected member for Edinburgh on the liberal interest in 1839; and being appointed Secretary at War, he was re-elected the following year, and again at the general election in 1841. No review of his political career is here intended; although in relation to literature, it should be mentioned that he opposed Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, and was the principal agent in defeating it. As a public speaker, he usually displays extensive information, close reasoning, and eloquence; and has recently bid fair to rival the greatest names among our English orators. His conversation in private is equally brilliant and instructive.

Mr. Macaulay may fairly be regarded as the first critical and historical essayist of the time. It is not meant to be inferred that there are not

other writers who display as much understanding and research, as great, perhaps greater capacity of appreciating excellence, as much acuteness and humor, and a more subtle power of exciting, or of measuring, the efforts of the intellect and the imagination, besides possessing an equal mastery of language in their own peculiar style; but there is no other writer who combines so large an amount of all those qualities, with the addition of a mastery of style, at once highly classical and most extensively popular. His style is classical, because it is so correct; and it is popular because it must be intelligible without effort to every educated understanding.

In the examination of the "Critical and Historical Essay" of Mr. Macaulay, it would have been our wish, as the most genial and agreeable proceeding, to commence with that unqualified admiration which so large a portion of his labors justly merits. But unfortunately he has written a "Preface." It scarcely occupies two pages, yet presents a stumbling-block in our course; and, in that spirit of free discussion adopted by Mr. Macaulay himself throughout his volumes, he will pardon our stating certain objections which we cannot quietly overcome in our own minds.

"The author of these Essays is so sensible of their defects, that he has repeatedly refused to let them appear in a form which might seem to indicate that he thought them worthy of a permanent place in English literature. Nor would he now give his consent to the republication of pieces so imperfect, if, by withholding his consent, he could make republication impossible. But as they have been reprinted more than once in the United States," &c.—*Preface.*

This, therefore, being unfortunately the state of affairs, of course we expect to be told that the author has now carefully revised productions which he had been so anxious to suppress from a sense of their incompleteness.

"No attempt has been made to remodel any of the pieces which are contained in these volumes. Even the criticism on Milton, which was written when the author was fresh from college, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament."—*Preface.*

Nevertheless, in this condition Mr. Macaulay reprints his Essays, now that, whether willingly or unwillingly, he sends them forth in the form which authors adopt who think their works worthy of a permanent place in literature. An odd compliment, by the way, to the admiration expressed by Lord Jeffrey, of this very paper. How are we to proceed? The critical author

has placed all his fraternity in a very anomalous, not to say rather grotesque position. For if we object to any thing, especially in the essay on Milton, the author will have been before-hand with us—he knew all that himself; and if we admire any thing, he may smile and say "Ah, I thought pretty well of it myself when I was a very young man."

But these Essays have gone forth to do their work in the world, and the Essay on Milton, among the rest, will exercise its appointed degree of influence; though it "contains scarcely a paragraph such as the author's mature judgment approves"—and, we will venture to add, contains certain positions which are very mischievous to the popular mind.

We will proceed as though no Preface had been written. Our objections shall not meddle with the style, nor do we think its redundancy of ornament so prominent an annoyance as the author intimates. Our objections are of a more serious nature; founded on confused views of truth and fiction, of reality and ideality, and leading directly to the question of whether Shakespeare and Milton ought to be regarded in any respect as lunatics.

"Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can ever enjoy poetry, without a certain *unsoundness of mind*, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness."—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 7.

The position is guarded and qualified, in the above quotation, but presently it comes out in all its fulness. The author, be it understood, explains that he means poetry, impassioned and imaginative poetry; not mere verse-making, but poetry of the highest order. And what the world has been hitherto accustomed to regard in the light of an inspiration, the essayist wishes to teach us to consider as the product of an unsound mind. It is even catching, and those who read may rave. "The greatest of poets," he says, "has described it in lines which are valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Now all this, which so palpably implies creative power, suggests to the essayist an unsound creator.

"These are the fruits of the 'fine frenzy' which he ascribes to the poet—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness."—*Ibid.* p. 8.

Surely the young essayist must have heard of the "nor'-west madness?" But he suffered himself to be misled by the imperfect comparison with the reasonings of mad people, "which are just; but the premises are false." A few lines farther on, observing how much "a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood" he adds—"She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes, she weeps, she trembles," &c. That is the point. There is no madness in the matter; those who *are* mad, do not know that their premises are false. With respect to poetry, it is no unsoundness of mind; but the surrendering up of the feelings to certain operations of the mind,—which happens in other things besides poetry, and no one thinks of calling it madness. After this, come the usual remarks about "the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds." (Greece and Rome for instance?) the "rude state of society," and the influence of poetry dwindling with the "improvements" of civilization, but "lingering longest among the peasantry," all of whom are excessively addicted to Wordsworth and Shelley. Finally, "as the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions"—

"The hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up, grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction."—*Ibid.* p. 9.

As if fiction involved no truth—no realities!—as if there were not a larger amount of truth in fiction than in any *known* reality. Moreover, we are told, and truly (in the Essay on "Moore's Life of Lord Byron," Vol. I. page 332), that "the heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone." With madness, therefore, at heart, as well as in the head, we are in a pretty condition! It could hardly have been on this account that Lord Jeffrey was so pleased with the essay. Entertaining, as we do, the most unaffected respect for the "mature judgment" of Mr. Macaulay, and a sincere admiration of his great powers and acquirements, we must be permitted to express our regret—all the more strongly for that very respect and admiration—that he did not think fit to exercise them in revising the crude philosophy of a young gentleman "fresh from college," instead of sending it abroad to do its work of injurious influence upon the mind of our not very *finely* frenzied public—a public of itself, by no means disposed to regard poets or their works with too much estimation, except as matter of national boasting. Once convince and

fortify John Bull in the opinion that to read poetry and cultivate his imaginative faculties will render him liable to aberration of mind, and it is all over with him, and the poets. He has half suspected this for a long time: his unsoundness is already on the other side. Or does our classic Essayist and right Roman Lyrist make an exception in favor of the mental soundness of Songs of the Sword—of bards and readers on war-steeds—of statesmen who write poetry in steel helmets?

In the same essay we are also obliged to object to the remark that the Prometheus of Æschylus "bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton," because "in both we find the *same* impatience of control, the *same* ferocity, the *same* unconquerable pride." At page 348 of this volume, we also find a comparison made with some of the Byronic heroes "who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish *only* by an unconquerable pride, *resembling* that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl," &c. Here we find individual ambition and morbid dissatisfaction confounded with the loftiest sympathies—demoniac pride with the pride of the Champion of Humanity. On the other hand, we have, elsewhere, an equal extravagance in the way of eulogium, when the "harsh, dark features of the Earl of Strafford," are said to have been "ennobled by their expression into *more* than the majesty of an antique Jupiter,"—as though there could be any comparison between the finest practical head, and the finest ideal one, which could be fair towards either.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we do not find much to admire in the essay on Milton—hazardous as such a declaration may be, after what the author has himself said of it. Having duly deliberated, however, we will venture to express great admiration of the passages on "revolution."

Few essays were ever sent abroad in the world more calculated to improve the public understanding, and direct its moral feeling aright, than those on "Moore's Life of Byron," "Machiavelli," and "Boswell's Life of Johnson." They contain many passages of sterling philosophy in the analysis and elucidation of character, in principles and conditions of public and private morality, and in matters of literary taste: all of which are set forth with unanswerable arguments and admirable illustrations. His remarks on Dr. Johnson are excellent, and while they do every justice to all the good qualities of the "great man" of his day, will materially assist in leading the public mind at last to perceive how constantly Dr. Johnson, in philosophy, in morals,

and in criticism, was quite as wrong as he was pompous and overbearing.

The article on Warren Hastings is a model of biography. It is biography of the most difficult kind: that, namely, in which the character and actions of the individual subject cannot be portrayed without a comprehensive history of the times in which he lived. Such writings are apt to be exceedingly tedious, and in fact to present a mixture of two styles of compositions, that of the historian and that of the biographer, fitted together as they best may be. But in the case before us, while in the state of the political world, the progress of events, the aspects of parties, the peculiar condition of the great continent of India, the characteristics of its various races, are all presented distinctly, and held constantly before the mind as they in succession change, swell into importance, or fade into obscurity in the onward march of time;—so, with equal distinctness and constancy, is the individual Warren Hastings always held present to the imagination, as those events, and scenes, and characteristics acted upon him, or he acted upon them. This man stands revealed in this clear picture of his circumstances and his actions. We do not require to be told what was the peculiar nature of his intellect, his moral perceptions, his temperament. These we deduce from the history; any occasional remark upon him in the way of metaphysical analysis we read as a corollary, and can only say, ‘just so,’ or ‘of course.’ Perhaps a skilful physiognomist might even pronounce on the features of his face after reading the whole. With the same skill as that displayed in presenting the history of his time, the men who surrounded him are brought on the scene.

Of the masterly essay on “Lord Bacon,” we must content ourselves with saying that it is in itself a great work of harmoniously united history, biography, and criticism, each of the highest class, and of which there is not a single page without its weight and value.

Mr. Macaulay possesses great powers of logical criticism; a fine and manly taste and judgment; a quick sense of the absurd, with an acute perception of the illogical; great fairness, and love of truth and justice. His prose is a model of style. It is sculpturesque by its clearness, its solidity, its simplicity, without any mannerism or affectation, and by its regularity. But this regularity is not of marble equality; the strong and compacted sentences rather presenting the appearance of a Cycloian wall, with the outer surface polished. Continually the matter is of a similar character with this style, and a brief section contains the growth of ages. Many

single sentences might be adduced in which are compressed clearly and without crowding, the sum of prolonged historical records, their chief events and most influential men, and how the events and the men acted and re-acted upon each other.

Mr. Macaulay has great and singular ability in making difficult questions clear, and the most unpromising subjects amusing. A good example of this may be found in his review of “Southey’s Colloquies on Society,” where Macaulay displays Southey’s errors and wrong-headedness, and what the true state of the case is with respect to the currency, the national debt, and finance,—subjects which Literature had always considered as dry and impracticable as a rope of sand, but which in Mr. Macaulay’s hands become not only intelligible and instructive, but incredibly entertaining.

Notwithstanding the many excellent remarks on poets and poetical productions, occurring in the course of his volumes—and the acuteness displayed, not only in what Mr. Macaulay says of the so-called “correctness” of Pope, and Addison, and Gray (as though their descriptions of men and external nature were not far less correct than those of the Elizabethan poets), but in the more admiring tone he occasionally takes,—it might still have been doubted whether a writer, in whom the understanding faculty predominates, would be able to make that degree of surrender of its power, which the fullest appreciation of poetry requires. He might fear it would argue “unsoundness.” Howbeit in certain remarks on Shelley, we see that he can make the requisite surrender to one, whose poetry, of all others, needs it, in order to be rightly estimated. And it is a part of the means of forming the best *judgment* of poetical productions to know when, and how far that faculty should *abandon itself*, and receive a dominant emotion as fresh material for subsequent judgment.

The last publication of Mr. Macaulay—his “Lays of Ancient Rome”—may fairly be called, not an exhumation of decayed materials, but a reproduction of classical vitality. The only thing we might object to, is the style and form of his metres and rhythms, which are not classical, but Gothic, and often remind us of the “Percy Reliques.” There is no attempt to imitate the ancient metres. In other respects these Lays are Roman to the back-bone; and where not so, they are Homeric. The events and subjects of the poems are chosen with an heroic spirit; there is all the hard glitter of steel about the lines!—their music is the neighing of steeds, and the tramp of armed heels; their inspiration was the voice of a trumpet.

" And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come ;
 And louder still and still more loud,
 From underneath that rolling cloud,
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
 The trampling, and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 Far to left and far to right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,

The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears."
 " And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel.
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away."—HORATIUS.
A New Spirit of the Age.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMANN.

LIGHT as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
 Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river ;
 The Blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
 As high in air he carols, faintly quiver ;
 The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving ;
 Beaded with dew the witch elm's tassels
 shiver ;
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
 The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
 That richly deck the slow-declining year ;
 I love the splendor of thy sun-set skies,
 The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,

Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too,
 brief ;
 I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
 As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
 And wings his loitering flight to summer climes
 away.

Oh Nature ! fondly I still turn to thee
 With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's
 were ;—
 Though wild and passion-lost my youth may be,
 Towards thee I still the same devotion bear ;
 To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
 Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
 Still—still, child-like I come, as when in prayer
 I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
 And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

MARIUS SEATED ON THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
 Fanes quiver in the air,
 A prostrate city is thy seat,
 And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
 Though ruin is around thee ;
 Thine eyeball burns as proudly now,
 As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul
 Though friends and fame depart ;
 The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
 Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
 Which earth can never tame ;

Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
 Its flash is still the same,

The dreams we loved in early life,
 May melt like mist away ;
 High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
 Like Carthage in decay ;

And proud hopes in the human heart
 May be to ruin hurled ;
 Like mouldering monuments of art
 Heaped on a sleeping world :

Yet, there is something will not die,
 Where life hath once been fair ;
 Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
 Some Roman lingers there !

For Arthur's Magazine.

JOSEPH, THE FIREMAN;

A TRUE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF J. A. BOUILLY.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

I do not know any profession more useful, and at the same time more worthy of praise, than that of those intrepid men, who hold themselves constantly in readiness to fly wherever a conflagration is lighted up, or wherever the public voice calls them, performing a thousand feats of valor; confronting every day, dangers as frightful as present themselves upon the field of battle, and joining to the most daring courage, the most noble disinterestedness. These are the true citizen-soldiers and I experience great pleasure in relating the following noble action of one of them.

Amongst the fireman of the faubourg of the capital, Joseph L—— was as remarkable for his expertness in scaling burning buildings, as for his bold talent of diving, which had frequently procured for him the inexpressible delight of saving the lives of his fellow beings. Fire and water appeared to be the elements in which he was to acquire the reputation of the bravest and best of men.

A fire broke out, at night, toward the end of autumn, 1829, in the vast warehouse of the purveyor-general to the royal guards, and from these buildings, filled with combustible materials, before its progress could be arrested, it reached the sumptuous dwelling itself of the purveyor, baron Descarville. Baron Descarville, the father of a numerous family, at first, thought only of saving his children, the youngest of whom he soon placed beyond the imminent danger which threatened them. One had been forgotten in this frightful disaster, a pretty little girl, two years of age, who slept in a chamber, the only approach to which, in consequence of the progress the fire had made, was through her father's apartment, which was double-locked. The piercing cries of the alarmed child reached the ears of Joseph, who instantly broke down with his axe,

the door of this room, which was the private cabinet of baron Descarville, reached the child and bore her to the arms of her father. The baron offered to recompense him for his generous devotion, but the fireman, faithful to the regulation of his corps, declared that he would accept nothing, as he had only performed his duty.

When Joseph mentioned the fact of his having been compelled to break down the door of the adjoining apartment, to reach the child, the baron suddenly remembered that he had left several articles of value, amongst which was a small pocket-book containing forty bank notes of considerable amount. As there was yet time, he hastened to remove them to a place of safety, but, to his great surprise, when he reached the room, he found that the pocket-book was gone. He searched every where with much anxiety, but could discover no traces of it. Convinced that the notes had become the prey of the fireman, the only person who had entered his cabinet, and determined not to give him sufficient time to dispose of the property, he went immediately to inform the captain of his company of the theft which had been committed. Although it was with a great effort he could accuse the young man who had saved the life of one of his children, of a crime, he yielded to the imperious circumstances and claimed the authority of the officer to obtain justice. The captain, who, on account of his uniformly irreproachable conduct, entertained the highest esteem for Joseph, desired, in so grave and delicate a matter, to proceed with caution. He beckoned Joseph to follow, and conducted him to an apartment where, beside himself, no one was present but the baron. Joseph trembled and grew pale at the charge made against him. He attempted to speak, but the words died on his lips; as soon as he recovered from the terrible emotion which he experienced,

and which, in the eyes of the baron, seemed a proof of his guilt, he demanded that he should be subjected to the most rigorous search. It was soon clearly ascertained that the pocket-book of which he was accused of having stolen, was not in his possession.

"I knew he was innocent!" cried the officer, pressing his hand, warmly.

"He grew pale, however," said M. Descarville.

"It was with indignation," replied Joseph, with flashing eyes. "This is an unexpected recompense for the service I have rendered you; but, if I suffer under such an accusation, you will suffer still more; for you will be unable, during your life time, to take your child into your arms without blushing at the thought of the manner in which you outraged her preserver."

"I am sure, monsieur le baron," added the officer, "that, as ourselves, you will preserve a profound silence with regard to the strange scene which has just passed."

"As for me, captain, I will promise nothing," replied Joseph gruffly. "I shall inform my comrades of the kind of recompense we are to expect for our services."

The fireman, indeed, related to his companions the insult which he had endured, and carrying his hand to his sword, he added :

"If it had not been for baron Descarville's grey hairs, he should have dearly atoned for this cruel insult; but I had too many advantages over him, and am forced to hold him in contempt."

The baron, however, entertained a secret suspicion which he was unable to banish; a month rolled by, and, in his heart, Joseph was still regarded as guilty. He continually balanced in his mind the proofs of his innocence and the combination of circumstances which seemed to establish his guilt. Not being contented, therefore, to sustain a loss of forty thousand francs, he was thinking of entering a complaint before a magistrate, when his valet-de-chambre, one morning, upon emptying a large sheet iron vessel, standing near his secretary, filled with useless papers, perceived a black morocco pocket-book. He opened it hastily, found it filled with bank notes, and immediately informed his master of the joyous discovery. It would be difficult to express the surprise and remorse of the baron. He went at once to the barracks of the firemen, begged the officer to assemble them before him. In the presence of all, he apologized for the unjust suspicions he had entertained toward Joseph, and offered him any reparation he might require.

"All I ask of you, sir, is that, henceforth, you will never accuse a fireman of the least base action, unless you witness it with your own eyes."

Earon Descarville attempted, in vain, to induce Joseph to accept some indemnity for the outrage he had suffered, but neither gold nor presents could tempt this honorable man. He was satisfied that his character had been washed of this odious accusation, in the presence of his comrades, who now regarded him with increased esteem and attachment. The name of the purveyor-general came frequently to the mind and lips of the fireman, however, he never spoke of him without a convulsive movement which showed that he was unable entirely to remove from his heart a certain degree of bitterness toward the only man, who had ever assailed him with regard to his integrity.

Winter succeeded to the autumn, and, in the many fires which occurred during this rigorous season, Joseph gave new proofs of his courage and humanity. But of all his acts of true heroism, which had already excited the admiration of every one, none was so remarkable as that which I am about to relate and which is strictly true. It proves, too, that greatness of soul is to be found in the most humble as well as in the most elevated classes of the social order.

The winter of 1829, without being extremely rigorous, was long and unhealthy; many of the inhabitants of Paris suffered much from the humid cold, and those sudden changes of temperature which affect, injuriously, the most robust constitutions. But whilst the great mass of workmen in their humble dwellings were almost deprived of the necessities of life, the opulent were surrounded by all the charms of luxury; invented even in the midst of snow and frost. Amongst these pleasures, the one which the youth enjoy with most avidity, is the exercise of skating, in which they are enabled to display all their natural strength and grace. This exciting and dangerous sport is most common upon the Canal de l' Ourcy, and the Basin de la Villette. Thousands upon thousands of spectators cover the shore, encouraging by their exclamations the audacity of the skaters. Some push along in sleds, the most fashionable ladies, who give themselves up entirely to this passing amusement. Others, with skill and address, with a single effort, design, on the ice, either a figure, or the loved flower of the lady of their thoughts. In gazing on this lively scene, it might almost be imagined that the celebrated Russian fêtes upon the Neva, in the depth of winter, were passing before us.

But the ice in these northern countries is more firm than it is in our climate, and accidents more rarely occur there. In the course of the winter, after the burning of the house of baron Descarville, a very remarkable event occurred on the

Canal de l' Ourcy. A number of young men belonging to the most distinguished families were assembled at a breakfast given by the vanquished skaters to rivals in some of their games. In this happy repast shouts of delight were frequently mingled with the detonation of the opening champagne bottles; the sparkling liquor of which tended to heat, still more, the reckless heads of the young convivialists. The feast terminated, they returned to the Canal and each one, mounted upon his skates, gave way to the promptings of an imagination excited by the numerous toasts which had been drank. After a thousand feats of strength and address, three of the most excited joined hands and engaged to execute, correctly, the steps of a gallopade which was, then, fashionable in all the saloons. They performed, indeed, the attitudes and motions of the most skilful dancers; but at the moment when the three formed a circle the ice suddenly broke, and in the twinkling of an eye, they were all buried under the thick crust which covered the surface of the Canal. The most heart-rending cries burst from the spectators. Joseph L——, the fireman, was strolling about at a short distance from the scene of the disaster, and, always ready to respond to the cry of distress, rushed to the spot, and enquired the cause of the alarm. On being told of the accident which had occurred, he threw off his heavier clothing, and plunged into the opening through which the unfortunate young men had passed. The risk of this attempt may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that this hole offered the only means of egress from under the ice which covered the Canal. In about half a minute, he made his appearance again, bearing in his arms one of the young men. He deposited him upon the shore, giving him into the care of the spectators, and again precipitated himself into the gulf, happy to have been instrumental in saving one of the three victims. Some instants elapsed, and nothing was seen of him, but at last he re-appeared, alone, saying that he was unable to find any one.

"There are two more," was shouted on all sides.

He plunged in for the third time and returned with the second skater, motionless and insensible. After having deposited him in the arms of those who were standing round, he plunged into the hole a fourth time, remained under water as long as he was able but appeared, at last, with empty hands. His countenance was depressed, and he suffered so much from the cold that he was unable to utter a word.

"Oh! our saviour," cried the young man he had first saved, "do not abandon our dear comrade! he belongs to an honorable and opulent

family which will recompense you as you deserve to be. It is a young officer of the royal guards—the son of baron Descarville."

"Descarville!" exclaimed Joseph, with a convulsive movement.

"Yes, the rich purveyor who lives in the faubourg Poissonniere."

"Oh! I remember," replied the fireman, "he once accused me of having stolen his pocket-book; but I forgot all that when humanity demands my exertions."

He plunged into the canal again and this time remained so long under the ice that the spectators began to repent of having excited that courage, that sublime devotion which might cost him his life. At last he issued from the hole, bearing the body of young Descarville.

"He is dead! he is dead!" cried Joseph, despairingly, placing his hand upon the heart of the young officer; "of all the three, I should have experienced most pleasure in saving this one, to avenge myself on his father, and, in placing his son in his arms, to prove—He is not dead—his heart beats—oh! if I could succeed in restoring him to life!"

He extended the inanimate body of young Descarville upon the shore, covered it with his own, glued his mouth to the lips of the young man, and used all his power to inflate the lungs. He continued his efforts for some time, forcing air into the lungs, and then pressing upon the chest, so as to imitate the process of respiration. Blankets were brought by some of the bystanders, which were warmed and wrapped round him, the region of his stomach was rubbed rapidly with warm cloths, wet with spirit, so as to produce a considerable degree of friction. After these efforts were continued for some time Joseph had the satisfaction of witnessing signs of returning life; he then left him and went into a house to change his clothing and make use of the proper means of restoring animation to his benumbed limbs. Accustomed to such circumstances, Joseph well knew the danger of approaching a fire in his present condition; he sent for a tub of snow with which he rubbed his limbs and body till a natural reaction took place, the blood was again thrown to the surface, and the skin resumed its healthy functions. As soon as he was able, he returned to the three young men whom he had saved. When they saw him, they seized him in their arms, and heaped upon him the liveliest marks of gratitude. The emotion of young Descarville, who felt that he owed his life to the man whose honor his father had suspected, it would be impossible to paint.

"Never," said he, "has humanity prompted to such devotion and heroism before; never has

a brother or friend shown such generous courage and perseverance, to save any one from an inevitable death. And you knew that I was the son of your accuser."

"It was, even for that reason, I felt a greater desire to save you. This is the only means people of my humble condition have, of making the great and rich feel that we are of any importance in society."

"Ah! believe me, my good Joseph, this truth will never be effaced from my memory. I desire to publish every where what you have done for me. I will inform your officers of this deed which, however, will not surprise them, for with you it is not an extraordinary effort, and shall not rest satisfied until you have obtained the just reward for the noble acts you have performed and for the high virtues which distinguish you."

During this outpouring of the heart, the companions of the young men, emptied their purses into a hat, forming, together, a sum of five or six hundred francs which they now came forward to offer to the fireman as a mark of their gratitude and respect, but Joseph taking the hat, threw it upon the shore scattering the pieces of gold and silver it contained in every direction, crying as he did so with noble dignity—

"Do you suppose that I have been actuated by pecuniary interest? All that I can accept of you, gentlemen, is a few glasses of good wine to warm me, of which I confess, *sacrebleu!* I am in great need."

Hardly had he uttered these words when he was caught up in the arms of the young men and carried to a neighboring restaurant, where the festival of the morning was renewed; they treated Joseph as their equal and honored him as a man

dear to humanity. Many toasts were given, but that most rapturously received was the following:

"To the respectable body of firemen!"

"I accept in the name of my comrades," said Joseph, "and I dare assert that they will always show themselves worthy of the honor you do them."

"Who can doubt it," said young Descarville, "when you are the surety."

The countenances of all were radiant with joy, and this happiness was increased by the appearance of baron Descarville, to whom his son had sent word of what had occurred. He threw himself into Joseph's arms, and was so much moved that at first he was unable to utter a single word. He took the hands of the fireman, those vigorous hands which had saved the life of a loved son and bathed them with tears. At last, recovering the use of speech, he burst out with,

"And I have been capable of suspecting, of accusing you of a crime!—"

"Do not say any thing more about that," M. le Baron. "The blow did reach my heart, I must confess; but the wound is cicatrized now."

"It will ever be in my remembrance," replied the baron; "and since you will not be compensated in the manner which is so pleasing and exciting to officious zeal, I shall not rest until you have received that justice which is due to your heroism and the many valuable services which you have performed."

A few months after, Joseph received the star of honor from the hands of his colonel, who well knew how to appreciate him, and was soon promoted to the lieutenancy of the firemen, whom he commanded many years, exciting their warmest affection and adding to their reputation by inspiring them with a noble desire to imitate his example.

PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

(See Plate.)

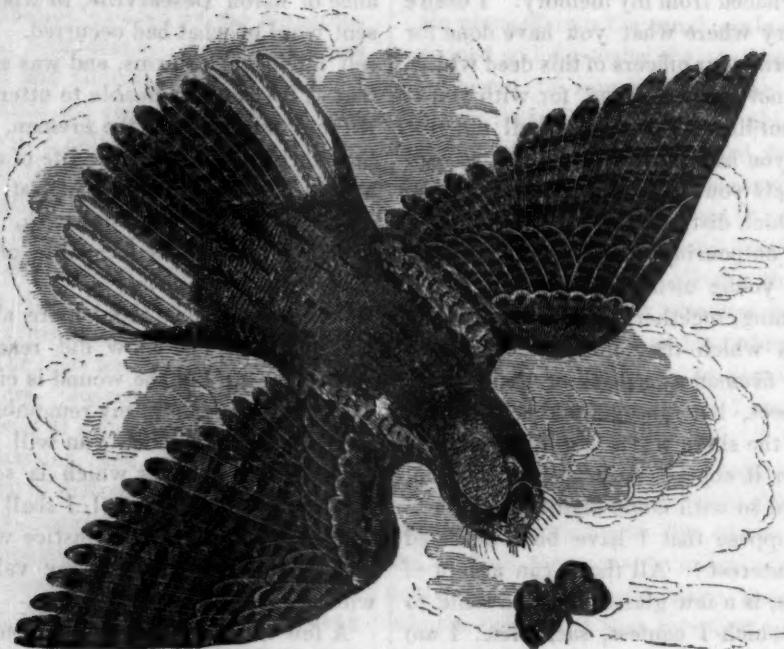
This fine engraving tells its own story to the mind of any one familiar with American frontier life. A party of emigrants about encamping for the night, are suddenly surprised by the sight of flames curling up from the vast Prairie before them. A portion are safe from danger in the oasis of trees where they have halted, and commenced preparing for their evening meal. Not so the main body, with their wagons, who are

incautiously entering the great sea of vegetation, through which the fire is beginning to spread with almost lightning-like rapidity. There is plenty of time, however, for retreat.

The Prairie on fire is a theme of deep interest. Cooper and others have thrilled us with descriptions of the phenomenon, and our readers will have them brought back fresh to the recollection by a sight of the plate we offer them this month.

Never sleep until I have told
All of a bird now beyond me—
I mean to sing old songs yet,
To comfort you to sleep well in winter.

“I will tell you what I have done,
What I have seen, and what I have heard,
What I have learned, and what I have thought,
What I have written, and what I have said.”



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. IX.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night,
Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?
Attendant on the pale moon's light,
Why shun the garish blaze of day?

When darkness fills the dewy air,
Nor sounds the song of happier bird,
Alone amid the silence there
Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.

Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan
Poured in no living comrade's ear,
The forest's shaded depths alone,
Thy murmuring melody can hear.

Beside what still and secret spring,
In what dark wood, the livelong day,
Sitt'st thou, with dusk and folded wing,
To while the hours of light away?

Sad minstrel! thou hast learned, like me,
That life's deceitful gleam is vain;
And well the lesson profits thee,
Who will not trust its charms again.

Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill
To listening night, when mirth is o'er;
I, heedless of the warning, still
Believe, to be deceived once more.

[We are free to confess that there is very little poetry about the picture we present our readers this month, however much there may be in the verses we quote. The whip-poor-will that inspired Mrs. Ellett, we could fain hope was never guilty of so murderous an act as that in which our artist has discovered the particular bird he has drawn.—ED.]

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE WIFE.

A TALE OF THE HARD TIMES.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

It was during the hard times of 1837. The evening was clear and cold, and the wintry blast whistled cheerlessly through the closed shutters of a well furnished apartment. The scene was a front room in the second floor, yet the tea-table was set in it, and over the grate fire the tea-kettle faintly simmered. In one corner stood an open piano, from which a lady had lately risen, to rock the cradle of her child; her eye glanced often towards a gentleman who sat on the sofa near the door, and each glance deepened the sadness on her face. She was yet young and lovely. Although now depressed, her quick blue eye, indicated a temperament naturally gay and buoyant. Her changeful expression told that she had yet known but little of deep sorrow, or perhaps regarded the present as an unpleasant dream soon to pass away. Her husband, who sat on the sofa, was apparently in an abstracted and gloomy mood; his head was slightly bent, and resting on his hand; his contracted brow and half curved lip betrayed too much of pride, yet even through that expression there beamed forth a soul full of noble and kindly qualities. At length the young wife rose to preside over the little table.

"Come, Charles," she said, cheerfully, "tea is ready!"

He half started, then replied, "I don't wish anything Clara. I am not hungry."

"Won't you keep me company, then? Perhaps my society will inspire you. Come, Charles, do!" The first part of the sentence was spoken with a forced gaiety, but the effort failed, and as the last words were said Mrs. Falconer's voice slightly trembled, and tears forced themselves into her eyes. Her husband glanced at her, then silently arose and took his accustomed seat.

"Where is Margaret?" he asked, looking around for the first time.

"She left to-day," was the brief answer.

"Why? I was not aware that she designed leaving."

19*

"She did not; I dismissed her. I shall take care of the house myself. I don't think it will hurt me to be industrious."

Mr. Falconer's countenance lit up with a noble expression; in his dark proud eye, now so gentle, his wife read an approval of that little deed of self-sacrifice.

"Dear Clara," he said, tenderly, "you bear our poverty better than I do; you who were so delicately brought up." He paused a moment and pride soon drove away that look of admiring love; in a somewhat bitter voice he added, "But I cannot see you a household drudge; Margaret must come back again."

"Margaret must *not* come back again," said the wife, gently but firmly, "nor shall you ever see me a household drudge; until my spirit becomes debased, the performance of any duty, be it ever so humble, cannot make me a drudge. Why should I not join you in self-denial? It is no secret to me that you have frequently deprived yourself of books you intended to purchase, in order to pay Margaret's wages. Charles, you have not yet told me *how* poor we are; perhaps you think I cannot bear to look at reality, and hear you say, we are penniless! Is it so?"

A painful expression crossed Mr. Falconer's countenance; he dashed aside a tear, but did not speak.

"Oh! Charles," said his wife, weeping, "why should there not be frankness between us, now, as in happier times?"

"There should be, Clara," he answered, in a low agitated voice, "but I could not bear to pain you. I *could* not say I had no business where-with to provide the necessities of life, for you and our darling child. Oh! I never looked for this!" He pushed his chair back from the table, and leaning forward on his hands, yielded to his emotion.

Charles Falconer had become an orphan at an

225

early age; his parents were poor, and did not leave him any thing at their death. The lonely boy was adopted by a bachelor uncle, his father's only brother, who had acquired a handsome fortune by trade. When his education was completed, young Falconer entered the profession of law; but, although he was highly gifted, he met with only tolerable success. There were several reasons for this; he was his uncle's heir, and did not apply himself with the energy he would have done had he known that his livelihood depended on his own exertions; besides, he found a dull, plodding, business life, very uncongenial to his tastes.

At twenty-five he married Clara Dayton, one of the loveliest girls in Philadelphia. His uncle purchased for him a large house, and furnished it in the most elegant style. The young pair set out in life with the sunniest prospects. For a time the shady side of life was hidden from them, and all went on smoothly. But this could not last always; the hard times came on, and the elder Falconer, who had speculated largely in unproductive real estate, became considerably involved. Affairs grew worse, and it was but a year and a half after the marriage of his nephew, that the wealthy merchant met with a total failure. This was a heavy blow to young Falconer. He applied himself with more energy to his business, but did not alter his expensive style of living. He went beyond his means and, as might be expected, bitterly repented it. Creditors came upon him suddenly, for many needed money to extricate themselves from difficulty. He could not meet their demands. Mrs. Falconer's father afforded no assistance; he could barely struggle forward with his own fortunes.

Falconer's beautiful mansion was sold for debt. From that time Philadelphia became disagreeable to him; he disposed of part of his costly furniture, and with his wife and infant child removed to New York. But trials full as great awaited him there; the times were even more distressing; he was but little known, and more lawyers were in the city than could get business. They had hired half of a pleasant house, but at the end of the first year, were obliged to occupy only one third as much room. Until the time our story opens, Mr. Falconer had kept up his spirits before his wife. They had not really wanted for any thing, and Mrs. Falconer was more cheerful than many would have been in her circumstances. She did not possess that inordinate love of mere ornament and show, which is so frequently the ruling passion of a little mind. When necessity compelled her to give up various luxuries, it was done with a generous cheerfulness, that her husband might not be pained to see that she felt the

loss. Her love of justice prevailed over *all* inclinations; since wealth had flown from her, it had been her constant aim to look at reality instead of appearances,—to find out in what *real* happiness consisted. She did not try to forget where the path of duty lay, but with a strong heart sought it only that she might walk in it.

While Mr. Falconer gave way to the stormy feelings within him, his wife made no attempt to check them in their course. To forget her own agitation as far as possible, she arose and commenced her new duties. Her delicate hands trembled as she washed the tea dishes for the first time, but her sweet countenance betrayed no scorn at her humble task. She felt even happier than she had done for some time; her husband had, at last, told her the extent of their poverty. She was no longer doubtful how to act. Although their situation was worse than she expected, her heart thrilled with happiness to know that it was in her power to cheer their poverty. She felt how beautiful was woman's task, to soften and temper man's harsher nature in the hour of trial; to point him to higher and loftier sources of happiness; to still in his bosom selfish and earthly passions; from beneath the ashes of crushed hopes, to bring forth the deep and gentle things that lay buried in his inward soul; to tell him of his capacity for purer joy, when worldly blessings fade away, and of a more glorious beauty that dwells enshrined in the sacred temple within, which may not be approached save by the gates of sorrow! All this she thought; and her bosom was filled in its very depth, with that sweet but calm joy, which makes outward trials light. The wife was indeed purer and nobler in adversity than in prosperity. When her husband became more composed; she said gently,

"Charles, if we are poor, the fountains of happiness are not sealed up in our hearts. Have we not our child? We need not be poor in affection and feeling; we yet have health, with intellect and reason to guide us forward in a path we must not shrink from treading! Oh! if Hope would but lightly flutter her wings, and hover near *you*!"

Mrs. Falconer leaned her arm on his shoulder, and overcome by the feelings that crowded upon her heart, burst again into tears.

"My own wife, I am a wretch to complain when I have you!" said her husband, drawing his arm around her, and gazing in her face with an expression of deep, pure affection. Again he slightly inclined his head, and that momentary light faded from his countenance. After a pause, he said abruptly, "yet it is no sin to grieve that I cannot provide for those I love. O, Clara! I could labor night and day to make you and our

sweet child happy; then why am I deprived of business?" He stopped, and his brow gathered into a gloomy frown. "There is no justice in it," he said again almost fiercely.

"Would you wrest power from the hands of Omnipotence?" asked his wife. "Does not the wing of the Almighty shadow us now as in happier days? Oh! do not think we are forsaken. You will soon get business; then all will be well! If we try to do right, and every thing does not succeed, why should we be so unhappy? Would we be, if we were truly good, and sufficiently trusted in the Divine Providence? Should we not believe the ever guiding hand of God, is in the smallest as well as the greatest events; endeavoring by every circumstance to draw us nearer to purity and goodness? Even the most abandoned—does He not ever try to withhold them from plunging into worse evils? If we are pure in our intentions all things will work together for good!"

Mr. Falconer made no reply; but he arose soon after, and his eyes were misty with tears. He felt that evidence of holier feeling, was not a weakness. He would have spoken, but he feared to lose his self-command, and only pressed his lips, which slightly trembled, upon his wife's forehead—he paused a moment, then turned to leave the room, but came back, and kissed her again tenderly, while a single hot tear fell upon her cheek. Then in silence he sought his chamber, "to commune with his own heart, and be still."

Two or three days after this, Mr. and Mrs. Falconer were again seated by the grate. Their infant was calmly sleeping in the arms of the young mother, unconscious of care or sorrow. That sweet mother's face was anxious; as she bent over her sleeping child, a shade of deep emotion passed over it, and her lip began to quiver. But she tried to force back her fast coming thoughts, and, rising, placed the child in the cradle. It was a little while after twilight, the tea table was not waiting as usual.

"Has Annie been cross this afternoon?" asked Mr. Falconer, "our tea will be rather late."

With a painful effort, his wife answered,

"There is nothing in the house."

"Oh! I forgot to ask you, if there was no outdoor business you wanted me to do, before I went to the office! Where is the money I gave you this morning? I will go out now."

"We have no money. I gave it to the landlord this morning."

"Why, Clara!" said her husband, starting, "I have not another cent in the world, and what I gave you I borrowed. Mr. Millis could have waited."

"But he would not wait. He said he had a

note to meet in a few hours, and must have the little that was due. I told him I could not part with what I had, and even offered to let him take my piano for the rent. When he found I really had money in the house, he became almost insulting, and I was obliged to give it to him. I had a strong hope that something would happen to relieve us, before night, so I did not tell you at dinner time."

A dark shade had fallen over Falconer's countenance while his wife was speaking; but he arose, without saying any thing, and took up his hat to go out.

"Where are you going, Charles?" asked Mrs. Falconer anxiously.

"To the grocer's, to beg to be trusted," was the brief but bitter response, made with his lip half curved in its compression.

"I fear he won't trust you," said his wife, in a low tone, "but don't look so discouraged."

"I'm worse than discouraged, I am distracted," said Falconer, stamping violently on the floor, and yielding to all the passion of his haughty, impetuous nature. "I *will* not endure this meekly, yes *meekly*, that hateful word."

Mrs. Falconer leaned her head against the mantelpiece, and the tears fell from her eyes in torrents. She herself had been to the grocer's in the afternoon, and her pride had been bitterly stung, by being coolly answered, with a business like shake of the head, "No trust." At the thought of the intense feeling of mortification that came over her as the grocer uttered these words, she could not restrain a sob,—for she knew that her husband would be exposed to the same cool impudence if he went. She would not add to his sufferings by telling him the manner in which *she* had been treated. When Falconer heard her weeping, he started from the bitter reverie into which he had fallen, and approached her. The passionate flush faded from his countenance.

"Forgive my harsh mood, Clara," he said, in a voice that struggled to be firm, "I have tried to be patient, I have crushed my proud spirit until it has seemed at times as if its very life-strings would snap asunder with the effort. I thought I had grown more resigned, but the volcano of strong passion within me, has been only smothered, that its flames might burst forth with a more intense power. I am in despair! O, Clara! I have held back my feelings for your sake, but I *cannot* stifle them longer."

When Falconer turned to his wife, he had intended to be calm and to try to comfort her; but before he was aware of it, he had poured forth the language of his soul. When he ceased speaking, he sunk upon a chair; his frame shook with

the heavy sobs that rose from his bosom, for his strong spirit had yielded to abandonment. An hour passed away, and not a word had been spoken. Mrs. Falconer had seated herself at a little stand to sew, but her work lay in her lap, and her eyes were bent thoughtfully on the floor. The expression of her countenance was painfully sad. She started when her husband rose, and said to her, in a low calm tone, "I shall soon be back." She raised her troubled eyes to his face, with an inquiring expression, but he said nothing more. He was calm but very pale; it seemed as if his spirit had been chastened and had acquired strength to suffer in that hour of combat.

He had not been gone long, when a knock was heard at Mrs. Falconer's door. She rose quickly from her chair and opened it. Her heart fluttered with a sudden hope, for she dreamed only of relief.

"Here's a letter for you, Mrs. Falconer!" said a man who lived in another part of the house. She took it, and her eyes brightened as she recognised the handwriting of her father. She was about to break the seal, when the man said, "the postman is waiting at the door."

The color came into her face painfully, she hesitated; then her fingers pressed the letter to see if it contained any money, but it did not. The man observed her motion; he smiled peculiarly; then with a low bow walked away. For a moment Mrs. Falconer had been tempted to ask him for sufficient money to pay the postage, but his disagreeable smile checked her. As soon as he disappeared she pressed her lips to the dear handwriting. It was two months since she had received a line from her father; she felt as if she could have begged for it, but then other feelings came, and pride so often master of the human soul conquered. She descended the stairs with a slow step, and met the postman with a calm and dignified air.

"I cannot pay you for this now," she said, holding the letter in her hand. "If you are willing to leave it, I will have the money for you the next time you pass here. But, as you choose."

The words were spoken decidedly, but with a painful effort. The postman bowed, and said respectfully,

"I will leave it, madame."

Mrs. Falconer reached her room with a burning cheek. She sunk into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, murmured, "This is the sting of poverty—to accept favors from those beneath us,—and yet I do wrong to say beneath, I should be grateful for kindness from any one."

Before opening the letter, she arose and knelt by the cradle of her child. Vague presentiments

that the letter contained bad tidings came over her, and she wished to school her heart to submission to whatever might happen. She bent over the cradle that held her treasure, and with the fond eye of a mother watched its infant loveliness. Amid its hushed slumbers, the smile of innocence played over its young lip, and occasionally dimpled the fair soft cheek. The mother felt as if angels peopled the dreams of her darling; a tear trembled in her clear dark eye as she raised it, to ask of heaven blessings on her little one. Her heart filled with a meek and hallowed joy, and when she arose, it was with renewed strength to bear the trials that might enoble her spirit, and make her more truly a mother.

Seating herself at the table, she broke the seal of her father's letter, and read the following intelligence:

MY DEAR CHILD—I need not tell you that it is with feelings of acute pain, I sit down to write this letter. Its contents will sufficiently explain. Oh! Clara, how can I say it—your old father is a bankrupt! My all is gone! May God support me under this heavy affliction. I sometimes feel as if it is more than I can bear. To be left destitute in my old age! If I were yet young,—but I will not complain. I hope you are getting along comfortably; your mother intended to have you and the baby spend part of the winter with us; but now it cannot be! May God for ever bless you, my dear, good child, and strengthen your heart to bear all the trials you may meet in this life.

Your affectionate father,
WILLIAM DAYTON.

When Mrs. Falconer had finished reading this brief but sad epistle, she felt as if her cup were full. She was yet holding it in her hand, when her husband entered. "What letter is that, Clara?" he asked, eagerly.

"It is from father, and contains bad news," she answered, giving it to him half reluctantly.

"A bankrupt! is it possible!" exclaimed Falconer, after reading a few lines. When he had finished the letter he said, "It can't be possible your father owes much! He was always so cautious and upright in all his dealings."

Falconer fell into a fit of deep thought. His wife wondered if he had got any money, but did not ask him. She thought when he first entered, his manner was cheerful. At length he said,

"Clara, I am full of plans to-night! I hardly know where to commence to tell you. But a plan for your father which I have just thought of must come first. While I was out I met Henry Ingersoll, my old classmate. He left Philadelphia only two days ago, and he tells me uncle Falconer succeeds beyond his expectations in his

new business. Now I think your father could engage with him in some way. They are first rate business men, and I have not a doubt but they could soon free themselves from debt."

"Oh! if it *could* be so!" exclaimed Mrs. Falconer, smiling with delight at the idea. "They are such warm friends. I should not be surprised if they had thought of it themselves."

"What do you think of returning to Philadelphia, Clara?" asked Falconer, after a pause.

"I should be delighted! Pray tell me what Ingersoll said? What did he recommend you to do? Oh! I am sure something fortunate has happened, from your looks. Our poverty has reached its climax, and now better times are coming."

Falconer smiled to see how quickly his wife's spirits recovered their cheerful tone, at the bare supposition of a change for the better.

"Your organ of Hope is so largely developed, Clara," he said, "that it seems impossible to you that trouble can last. But I must begin my story. You know Ingersoll entered the bar at the same time I did; he has since been in the office of his father who stands high as a lawyer. It has been thought by some that young Ingersoll might in time outshine his father. Among other things he asked me how I prospered. I told him frankly, without any gloss, our situation. At one time it would have been impossible; I could not have got out the words; but desperation often leads us to do things we can scarcely believe afterwards. We stood under the light of a street lamp, and I saw that the expression of his noble face was worthy of him. He grasped my hand, as I paused, almost choked with emotion, and said with all the warmth of his high souled nature,

"Thank God that I have met you, Falconer. Thank God that there is a Providence in every thing! But are you willing to return to Philadelphia if you can find business there?" he asked.

"I am willing to go any where to save my wife and child from starvation," I answered.

"Then, Falconer, will you accept the situation in my father's office, which I shall leave. I start in a few weeks for the south?"

I pressed his hand silently in token of acquiescence, for I could not speak. He went on to say,—"My sister's health has long been delicate, and the doctor recommends a southern climate for a residence. I, therefore, shall go with her and make my home in Charleston, where we have relatives. I hope there to "climb fame's mountain steep" more rapidly. How soon could you move to Philadelphia?"

"I hesitated, for I had not the means to go. Ingersoll understood my silence; without saying

any thing he approached nearer the lamp and taking from his pocket book a fifty dollar bill, handed it to me saying,

"If this will relieve you from pecuniary embarrassment, Falconer, take it, and repay me whenever it is convenient."

"I took it, and said only, 'Ingersoll'!"

"A thousand strong emotions struggled for the mastery in my breast. My heart thrilled with admiring gratitude, and yet for a moment my selfish pride triumphed. But it soon melted away before his noble spirit; I bowed my head upon his hand, and wept with a strange humility.

"I know this is wounding to your pride," he said, "but remember we are old friends, and let that cancel all feelings of obligation. I will write to my father and he will gladly welcome you. Good night! Falconer, I will see you soon again." With these words he left me, and you may imagine, Clara, that I returned home with a heart lightened of its load."

"How noble he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Falconer, down whose face tear after tear had been starting during the recital. "How refreshing and pure it falls upon the heart, to meet with kindness in times of trouble. It seems as if a beam of heaven's own sunlight were shed in the bosom, weary with struggling, and apparently struggling in vain. When our own spirits are bowed down with sorrow, how much more fully can we appreciate an action towards us, which springs from true generosity of feeling, guided by upright principles."

"Ah!" said Falconer, in reply, "if men were willing to be all they are capable of being, how like God's own paradise this desolate earth might bloom again. We see goodness afar off and acknowledge its beauty with a thrill of sublime delight, if personified by others; but when it comes home to our own hearts, its loveliness is hidden. We shrink from the thorny and laborious path we *must* travel, before our deep-rooted selfishness will flee, to admit it as a guest. It is not difficult to appear good in the eyes of others, but the kingdom where our thoughts and feelings dwell, requires a hand strong and never-failing in its efforts, to conquer. We must explore the secret chambers of the soul, and when purified, the image of the Creator will shine there, reflected by the light of heaven. Oh! Clara, when I think of life in its fulness and beauty,—when I think of the deep impulses and noble sympathies God in his love has given us, my heart sinks as I turn to dwell on the strange music that so often breathes over the harp strings of the soul. If trial and sorrow come upon us, the harmony is hushed, we forget in our desolation to bring forth

a wild yet sweeter strain. O! why could I not be resigned when all was dark to me?"

"If you were an angel it would be strange," interrupted Mrs. Falconer, gently, "but it is only through light and darkness that we may become angels. The very sufferings we pass through show our capabilities for something higher. Would God afflict us lightly or unheedingly? I hope, Charles, we may be better and happier from our troubles."

Three months after, Mr. and Mrs. Falconer occupied a small, neat house, in a retired part of Philadelphia. Their income was very moderate, but they had formed the determination never to go beyond their means, if possible, in the slightest thing. Mrs. Falconer had no servant, but her cheerful laugh rang with a gaiety as heart-felt through their little apartments as if the wealth of kingdoms were at her feet. In her comparatively short life, she had learned that lesson so hard to be acquired, yet so noble in its humility, so happy in its effects—contentment. Her father had entered into business with the elder Falconer, and his cheerfulness was fast returning,—her husband's brow was unclouded with anxious thoughts,—her child was all a mother's heart could desire. Their situation was humble, very humble, when compared with what it had been; yet she was contented. Often, her pure heart filled with that sweet exhilarating joy, which seems to clothe every thing in beauty; that sees mirrored in nature the light and happiness within. She could half fancy the language of her soul was written in the glad sunlight—the clear blue sky with its silvery clouds,—all that was bright and lovely touched a chord of sympathy in her bosom, and awoke its ever-ready music. Her simple duties were performed with that light hearted cheerfulness, which delights in doing any thing useful; any thing that will cast a ray of sunshine into another heart.

One evening, about twilight, the young wife sat by the front window, reading; yet with every passing footstep she raised her eyes to see if her husband were coming. Little Annie knelt on the chair next her, and rested her round white arms on the window-sill, looking with intense attention, to see if she could discover a horse and carriage, or any thing else that could make a noise and amuse her. Mr. Falconer soon appeared in the street, and glanced up to the window with a smile. His wife waited until he had time to ascend the stairs, then threw open the door for him, exclaiming,

"Oh! Charles, I am glad you have come at last. Tea has been ready for half an hour, and poor Annie and I, are in a state bordering on starvation."

"Oh! what a glowing hyperbole," said Falconer, laughing. "Strange that neither of you have grown thin! You seem to care more for your tea than for my presence."

"Why, yes, what shall I do to overcome such a dangerous propensity? I shall die as soon as I learn to live without eating, or I might attempt it to oblige you. But you look tired, Charles!" she continued, playfully brushing back the hair from his white forehead.

"Don't insinuate that I look tired, when you are entertaining me with such a *flux de bouche*," said her husband, with his warm, old fashioned smile.

The young wife laughed and said, gaily,

"Well, I am just in the humor for pouring into your ears a continual artillery of nonsense; can you stand the fire without shrinking?"

"Without doubt, honored madame, I am all impatience."

"All impatience for what? I think it must be for something to eat. I forgot I was a little *household drudge*. Pray excuse me. Tea is ready."

She smiled archly as she spoke, and approaching the fire, filled the tea pot with water.

"Clara," said Falconer, rising, and drawing his chair to the table, "I do most solemnly insist that you never again remind me of that foolish speech. My views have changed wonderfully since then, and now I think it utterly impossible for you to be any thing but a lady in any situation. There, won't that compliment appease you?"

"I am infinitely obliged, for I suppose I must go on the principle of taking what I can get. Annie, don't pull that plate over! Charles, lift her up in her chair, if you please."

After they were quietly seated at the table Mrs. Falconer said,

"Charles, you really do look tired. You have been walking a good deal this afternoon, hav'n't you?"

"Yes, see if you can guess what it was for?"

She paused a moment, thoughtfully, then said as she quickly raised her head, "You have been sending that money on to Ingersoll. Hav'n't I guessed right?"

"Yes, and now we need not be so desperately economical. I think I could have lived on bread and water until it was paid. It is a great relief to be free once more. I feel a thousand times more delight at having that debt discharged, than I did when in contemplation of my uncle's large fortune. My spirits are more buoyant now, than when I first set up in life without a single cloud to obscure my vision."

Mrs. Falconer smiled, and her clear eyes were

as joyous as if trouble had never dimmed their gentle brilliancy.

"People would hardly credit us," she said, "if we should tell them that we are happier now than we were four years ago, when we were married beneath so sunny a sky."

"There is one sentence," said her husband which has been repeated a thousand times, yet, there is a living beauty about it which makes it always fresh, "SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY."

For Arthur's Magazine.

WILLY AND THE BEGGAR GIRL.

"An apple, dear mother?"
Cried Willy, one day,
Coming in, with his cheeks
Glowing bright, from his play.
"I want a nice apple,
A large one and red."
"For whom do you wish it?"
His kind mother said.

"You know a big apple
I gave you at noon;
And now for another,
My boy it's too soon."
"There's a poor little girl
At the door, mother dear,"
Said Will, while within
His mild eye shone a tear.

"She says, since last evening
She's eaten no bread.
Her feet are all naked,
And bare is her head.
Like me, she's no mother
To love her, I'm sure,
Or she'd not look so hungry
And ragged and poor.

"Let me give her an apple;
She wants one I know;
A nice, large, red apple,—
Oh! do not say no."
First a kiss to the lips
Of her generous boy,
Mamma gave with a feeling
Of exquisite joy—

For goodness, whene'er
In a child it is seen,
Gives joy to the heart
Of a mother, I ween—
And then led him out, where,
Still stood by the door,
A poor little beggar-girl
Ragged all o'er.

"Please ma'am, I am hungry,"
The little thing said,
"Will you give me to eat
A small piece of bread."
"Yes, child, you shall have it;
But who sends you out
From dwelling to dwelling
To wander about?"

A pair of mild eyes
To the lady were raised;
"My mother's been sick
For a great many days.
So sick she don't know me."
Sobs stifled the rest—
And, heaved with young sorrow
That innocent breast.

Just then from the store-room—
Where wee Willy ran,
As his mother to question
The poor child began—
Came forth the sweet boy,
With a large loaf of bread,
Held tight in his tiny hands
High o'er his head.

"Here's bread and a plenty!
Eat little girl, eat!"
He cried, as he laid
The great loaf at her feet.
The mother smiled gently,
Then, quick through the door
Drew the sad little stranger
So hungry and poor.

With words kindly spoken
She gave her nice food,
And clothed her with garments
All clean, warm, and good.
This done, she was leading
Her out, when she heard
Will coming down stairs
Like a fluttering bird.

A newly bought leghorn
With green bow and band,
And an old, worn out beaver
He held in his hand.
"Here! give her my new hat,"
He cried,—"I can wear
My black one all summer
It's good—you won't care—

"Say! will you, dear mother?"
First out through the door,
She passed the girl kindly;
Then quick from the floor
Caught up the dear fellow—
Kissed and kissed him again,
While her glad tears fell freely
O'er his sweet face like rain.

A.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE CANNON OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE GUINOT.

On a fine spring morning, which was lit up by the sun's richest rays, a troop of little vagabonds were playing in the garden of the Palais-Royal. Hanging upon the iron balustrades, which surround the flower-plots, they were teasing the sparrows, throwing stones upon the flowers, and constantly seeking for some mischief in which to engage, the moment the backs of the guards were turned. Under such circumstances, the imagination of the Parisian boy is never at fault.

The Germans, who are, at this moment, singing the couplets of their poet Becker, of which the refrain is : "The French shall not have the Rhine,"—a prophecy we regard as somewhat hazardous—the Germans, who refuse to sell us their horses for our cavalry, have, in return, conferred upon us a sufficiently ordinary production of their national industry; we mean their friction-matches. The Parisian boy makes good use of these little articles; he always carries a supply in his pockets, and they assist in the performance of all kinds of mischievous tricks.

The leader of the Palais-Royal band, watching an opportunity when no one was looking, scaled the balustrade, crept along the turf on his hands and knees to the cannon, which is fired off, at noon, by the sun, the rays of which are at that moment concentrated upon the priming. It was only half past eleven; but the lucifer-match in the hands of the young gunner played the part of the sun, and the cannon gave out its official detonation.

On all sides, in the walks, in the galleries, in the coffee-houses, in the shops, every one immediately drew forth his watch to prove its exactitude. There was a general movement of surprise, which translated itself into tacit reflections :

"That is singular! I thought I was right."

"What! a half hour too slow! A watch warranted not to vary one minute a month."

"This is the first time my Bruguet has been wrong!"

The watchmakers were more astonished than

any one else; most of them, however, yielded conviction to the evidence. But amongst the matadors of watch-making, some two or three free thinkers dared to advance this presumptuous proposition :

"It is the sun which goes wrong!"

Saving these rare exceptions, every person within sound of the report of the cannon, set their watches and clocks forward to accord with the time indicated. The infallibility of the sun could not fail to find a great number of partisans.

At first glance no great crime appears in this prank of a boy with a friction match; grave consequences, however, owed their origin to it. A mistake of a half hour in the course of time is no trifling matter; a watch too fast or too slow frequently throws us into a train of errors, fertile in disasters, and adventures more or less grave.

"Already noon? boy; my bill!"

These words were uttered by a gentleman who breakfasted at Vefour's and who appeared a prey to a most torturing anxiety. This was M. D—, a banker, whose business appeared to the public to be in a most flourishing condition; but who had lately met with some reverses, which he was no longer able to conceal. After he left the restaurant, he drew a letter from his pocket, and read as follows :

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—You have confided to me your disastrous position, and say you have no hope, except in me. My own resources, you know, are insufficient to enable me to render you any assistance and I go to the country with little hope, I must confess, to see what I can do. It is possible, however, that the means you have indicated may be productive of a good result. Rest assured that I will omit no effort to save you from bankruptcy. If I succeed in realizing the sum, which it is absolutely necessary for you to have to-day, I will bring it, at half past twelve, to the gallery d'Orleans, where you will wait for me. I do not propose to meet you at your own house, because I think you will not remain there, for fear of some troublesome call. If I am not at the place appointed, at the precise hour indicated, it

will be because I have failed in my attempt, and you must then carry into execution your project of flight; when you are at a distance from them, your creditors will be more accommodating. You comprehend why I do not myself bring you the bad news. I should not like to be seen with you at this critical moment, as you owe, I believe, a score of thousands of francs to my uncle, a miser who would never forgive me if he suspected that I had aided you in your flight. In case of misfortune, believe me at your disposal. Your friend, let what may happen.

LUCIEN B—."

"This is the critical moment at which my fate is to be decided," said M. D—, as he walked in the gallery. "I have reached that steep declivity down which so many fortunes pass; nothing yet has been sufficient to stay my course, and I have achieved my ruin through vanity, in desiring to hide my situation, when there was still time to have made an honorable failure. All the planks to which I have looked for safety are broken under my steps. If the intervention of Lucien prove powerless; if he do not bring me, within the hour, the sum of one hundred thousand francs, which I have to pay to-day, I am ruined."

In making these painful reflections, the banker looked at his watch twenty times. The time to his anxious soul rolled slowly on. Each moment seemed to bear away a hope. The hand of his watch marked the hour of one and the wretched banker felt a cold perspiration start out upon his brow.

"One o'clock and Lucien not come! It is all over, then!"

He still waited, however; he went from one end of the gallery to the other, looking anxiously down all the entrances, desiring, every moment, to leave, but still lingering. It was not till his watch showed twenty-five minutes past one that the unfortunate D— left the Palais-Royal. At the same instant Lucien entered the gallery d'Orléans, five minutes before the time, for it still really wanted five minutes to one; but the banker had set his watch forward on hearing the report of the cannon.

In putting his foot out of the Palais-Royal, M. D—, stepped into bankruptcy. A post-chaise waited, into which he leaped and left at a gallop, whilst Lucien, who bore with him a check upon the bank, for a hundred thousand francs, remained confounded, not knowing to what motive to attribute his absence. Could Lucien divine the secret of the friction-match, the first effect of which was a commercial disaster?

At the same hour a lady, elegantly dressed, entered the passage Delorme; she made two turns with a quick step and an observer would have remarked upon her lovely countenance an

expression of surprise, impatience and vexation.

"It is strange," said she; "my watch is surely right, for I have just obtained it from my watchmaker of the Palais-Royal; it is ten minutes past one. M. Leopold was to have been here at one o'clock, precisely, to accompany me to the museum and I see nothing of him!"

The expression of surprise, impatience and vexation became, every moment, more apparent and, surely, there was sufficient cause. Young, handsome, rich, and a widow, surrounded by adorers, Madame de Luceval had distinguished from amongst them M. Leopold de Versy. She had given him reason to hope that for his sake, she would, ere long, take upon herself the chains of hymen and, in the meantime, she had desired to accept his arm to visit the exhibition at the Louvre; a precious and envied favor which M. Leopold gratefully accepted. But at the time appointed he was not at the place of meeting!

"I hoped to be anticipated," added Madame de Luceval, "but I have deceived myself; it was presumption! M. Leopold does not pride himself upon his punctuality. But if he allows himself to be tardy under existing circumstances, what will he do when he becomes a husband? M. Luceval had this defect, and I know what I have suffered in consequence of it. To fall into the same inconveniences in marrying again would be monotonous! I desire that my second husband should be a little different, and if it is absolutely necessary that these gentlemen should do us wrong, I wish at least, to have the benefit of variety."

You will agree that Madame de Luceval was not too exacting—

The watch, consulted for the last time, indicated eighteen minutes past one.

"My patience is exhausted," said the handsome widow; "the most rigorous politeness accords but a quarter of an hour to the indifferent, and here, where I have expected eagerness, to have exceeded this period of delay, is too much. To wait longer would be unseemly."

Saying which, Madame de Luceval returned to her home and Leopold who arrived ten minutes before the time appointed for the meeting, waited her arrival in the passage.

"Has she forgotten? Will she come? Is she pleased with me, or is another more happy? But no!—however!—oh! these widows! you can make no calculations upon them; they have so much experience! and they are so wilful!"

Four o'clock struck.

"I shall at least find her at her house where she has invited me to dine. I shall have lost but half of this good day. A dinner, almost *tête-à-tête*;

for no one will be present but an old uncle, will enable me to make up for lost time."

And Leopold hastened to Madame de Luceval's.

"Madame is gone out," said the waiting maid to him.

"Very well! I will wait. I have done nothing else, since morning."

"But madame will not return, perhaps, until very late."

"She always returns to dinner?"

"Not at all; madame went away at one o'clock, saying she would dine out."

"Well! that's decisive!" thought Leopold, as he left the house.

Each was piqued with the other and, instead of coming to a clear explanation, they held themselves upon their wounded dignity. What was the result of this discord? the projected marriage was irrevocably broken off, and Madame de Luceval is, at this moment, seeking a husband whose punctuality is unshaded by the slightest suspicion.—An admonition to punctual bachelors!

See what was brought about by the report of a cannon fired too soon! Not between two powers which are watching each other; not between two armies or fleets drawn up in order of battle; but the simple little cannon of Palais-Royal, fired by a young blackguard, who wished to mystify the sun with a German friction-match!

A provincial who had breakfasted on this day and set his at the Palais-Royal, was invited to dine at the house of a young lady whom he sought in marriage. He had promised himself that he would make the demand for her hand this evening; it was expected, and, as there was a fitness of things on both sides, no doubt was entertained of the result. Six o'clock was the hour named in the note of invitation, but the provincial, believing that he would be wanting in politeness if he did not arrive a quarter of an hour before they took their seats at table, presented himself at ten minutes past five.

He was hardly expected to make his appearance so early. Upon the stair-case he encountered his intended father-in-law, with a basket in one hand and a candle in the other, whilst the wife, above, was scolding the good man in a harsh and ill-natured voice, for his slowness, which was somewhat justified by his obesity.

The wife stormed, the husband retorted and the dispute continued, growing more and more bitter as they drew near to each other. At the foot of the stair-case the provincial found himself between the two adversaries just in the nick of time, to prevent a conflict. But near this, another scene was enacting not less animated, which after a number of apostrophes and interesting replies, was terminated by a great crash of breaking dishes. It was the daughter of the house, the marriageable young lady, *chatting* with the servants. Taken in an unexpected moment the actors in this domestic drama showed themselves in the charming *abandon* of private life. The young lady, who had neither had time to conceal her excitement nor repair the disorder of her toilette, appeared before her intended with signs and accessories which gave evidence to the young provincial, that his dinner was prepared by the hand of the graces.

It had been remarked to him that Mademoiselle Aglaé was very amiable.

"I believe she is, *furiously* amiable!" thought he.

A half hour later and no trace of the storm would have remained, all would then have become calm, gentle and attractive. But the alarm gun had launched our young man into the thickest of the mêlée. When an intended is now expected to dinner, Mademoiselle Aglaé takes the tone, the modest grace and the neat apparel of the marriageable young lady at five o'clock. But never, perhaps, will so good a chance again present itself.

The report of the Palais-Royal cannon on this particular occasion, produced without doubt, other grave and dramatic consequences; but we will not push our inquiries any further, and will pardon the gunner who was not aware of what he was doing. Some allowance must be made for the thoughtlessness of youth. The same boys who abuse the German friction-matches so much, at present, may go, perhaps, one day, in spite of the prophecies of the song, to take this Rhine which the Germans guard, so well, in poetry. And who knows but that the one who fired the Palais-Royal cannon, a half hour too soon, may not, some day, after a more serious cannonade, drink the Johannes, of M. de Metternich, from the golden cup, presented by the king of Bavaria, to the poet Becker!

R. A.

It has been remarked by the celebrated Haller, that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our

mouths, closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A half lazy attention amounts to a mental yawn.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

(See Plate)

[We need not refresh the memories of our readers by telling over for them the nursery tale which one of our engravings illustrates this month. Nursery tales are the last forgotten. But the somewhat quaint poem written by a townsman, is well worthy to go with our beautiful plate, and to stand upon the pages of our magazine.—ED.]

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature, So meek, so modest; what a pity, madam, That one so young and innocent should fall A prey to the ravenous wolf.

—The wolf, indeed!

You've left the nursery to but little purpose, If you believe a wolf could ever speak, Though in the time of Æsop, or before.

—Wasn't not a wolf then? I have read the story A hundred times, and heard it told: nay, told it Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank Together in the sheets, from very terror, And, with protecting arms, each round the other, E'en sobbed ourselves to sleep. But I remember, I saw the story acted on the stage, Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates, With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely, And so it was a robber, not a wolf That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood? —Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale Contains a hidden moral.

—Hidden: nay,

I'm not so young, but I can spell it out, And thus it is: children, when sent on errands, Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves. —Tut! wolves again: wilt listen to me, child?

—Say on, dear grandma.

—Thus then, dear my daughter:

In this young person, culling idle flowers, You see the peril that attends the maiden Who in her walk through life, yields to temptation, And quits the onward path to stray aside, Allured by gaudy weeds.

—Nay, none but children

Could gather butter-cups, and May-weed, mother. But violets, dear violets—methinks I could live ever on a bank of violets, Or die most happy there.

—You die, indeed,

At your years die!

—Then sleep, ma'am, if you please, As you did yesterday in that sweet spot Down by the fountain; where you seated you To read the last new novel—what d'ye call it—The Prairie, was it not?

—It was, my love,
And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillowed my aged head: 'twas irksome, sure,
To your young limbs and spirit.

—No, believe me,
To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lull'd.

—You're a dear child!

—And then,
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,
So gently sloping to the rivulet,
All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each tint.
There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake Innocence;
The fairy-formed, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, called by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil, too,
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel,
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dressed
In varied pink. The partridge evergreen,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries—
—Did you see all those flowers? I marked them not.
—O many more, whose names I have not learned.
And then to see the light blue butterfly
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee—
And there, too, was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood, met
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leaped joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music—then passed prattling on,
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.

—I dreamed not of these sights or sounds.

—Then just

Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich riband, of enamelled meadow,
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top
Was crowned with rose-bay. Half-way down there
stood

Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine,
As ready to leap down unto her lover
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.

—Tut! enough, enough,
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.
We must shut up your books of Botany,
And give you graver studies.

—Will you shut
The book of nature, too? for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms

And dull routine ; its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules ; its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer
O let me hold communion here with Nature.
—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture—

—Poor Red Riding Hood !
We had forgotten her ; yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure
And now the hidden moral.

—Thus it is :
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise, deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE.
—I thought love was an infant ; “toujours enfant.”
—The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent—alas ! time changes all things.
—True, I remember, love is now a man.
And, the song says, “a very saucy one”—
But how a wolf ?

—In ravenous appetite,
Unpitiful and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.

—I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.

—You'll do wisely.
—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

—That's my child.
—Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbin.

—Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson.

—Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me.

—Say what, my love,
I will explain.

—This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up :
What is the moral here ? Have all our grandmas
Been first devoured by love ?

—Let us go in ;
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit.

THE LITTLE FRIEND.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK WHICH SHE MADE AND SENT TO ME.

THE book thou givest, dear as such,
Shall bear thy dearer name ;
And many a word the leaves shall touch,
For thee who form'dst the same !
And on them, many a thought shall grow
'Neath memory's rain and sun,
Of thee, glad child, who dost not know
That thought and pain are one ?

Yes ! thoughts of thee, who satest oft,
A while since at my side—
So wild to tame,—to move so soft,—
So very hard to chide :
The childish vision at thine heart,
The lesson on the knee ;
The wandering looks which *would* depart
Like gulls across the sea !

The laughter which no half-belief
In wrath could all suppress ;
The falling tears, which looked like grief,
And were but gentleness :
The fancies sent, for bliss, abroad,
As Eden's were not done—
Mistaking still the cherub's sword
For shining of the sun !

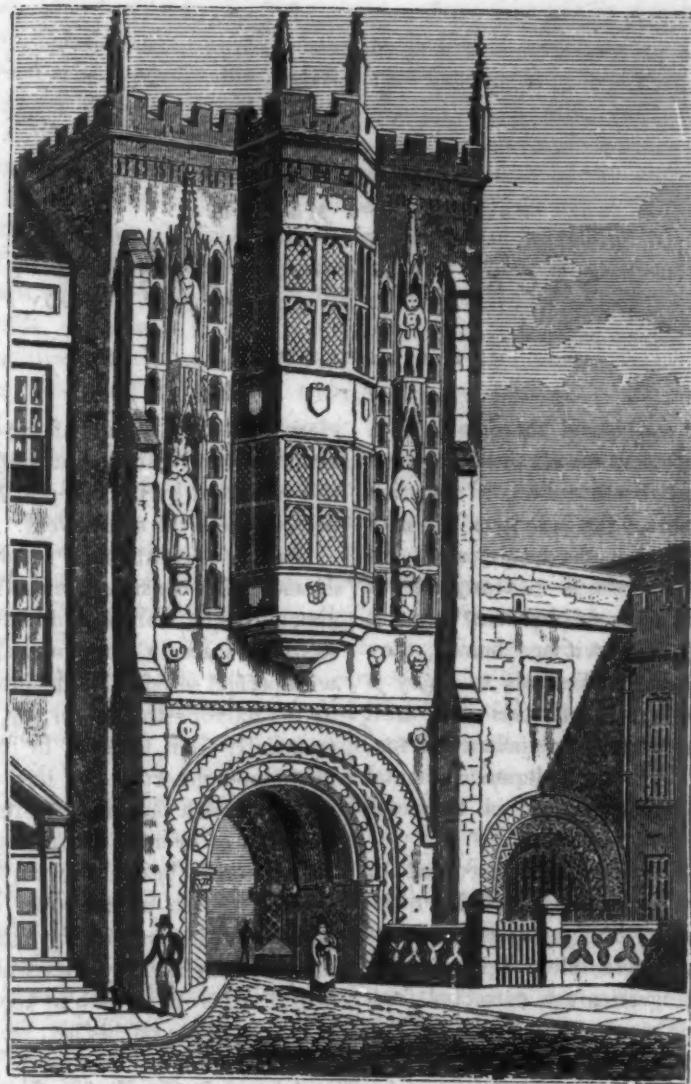
The sportive speech with wisdom in't—
The question strange and bold—
The childish fingers in the print
Of God's creative hold :

The praying words in whispers said,
The sin with sobs confess ;
The leaning of the young meek head
Upon the Saviour's breast !

The gentle consciousness of praise
With hues that went and came ;
The brighter blush a word could raise,
Were *that*—a father's name !
The shadow on thy smile for each
That on his face could fall !
So quick hath love been *thee* to teach,
What soon it teacheth all.

Sit still as erst beside his feet !
The future days are dim,—
But those will seem to thee most sweet,
Which keep the nearest *him* !
Sit at his feet in quiet mirth,
And let him see arise
A clearer sun and greener earth
Within thy loving eyes !—

Ah loving eyes ! that used to lift
Your childhood to my face—
That leave a memory on the gift
I look on in your place—
May bright-eyed hosts your guardians be
From all but thankful tears,—
While, brightly as ye turned on *me*,
Ye meet th' advancing years !



Abbey Gateway, Bristol—Ancient Window Restored.

ANCIENT CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BEFORE the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when a taste for Roman and Greek architecture brought the five orders again into use, the Gothic, Saxon and Norman styles prevailed. Some writers do not allow that any distinctions ought to be made between the three. The Saxon style, or that which prevailed before the conquest, was distinguished by the semicircular arch. The Norman style was distinguished by the following particulars: the walls were very thick, generally without buttresses, the arches, both within and without, semicircular, and supported by very plain and solid columns. Sometimes, however, the columns were decorated with carvings of foliage or animals, and sometimes with spirals, lozenge, or net work. These two styles con-

tinued to be the prevailing mode in England until the reign of Henry II. when the modern Gothic, with its pointed arch was introduced.

In our last number, we gave a fine specimen of Saxon architecture, in the Tower, or Church Gate, at Bury. We now present a view of the Norman Gateway to the Cathedral church (anciently part of the Abbey of St. Augustine,) at Bristol, which is one of the most beautiful existing specimens of this style in England. The proportions of the arch are, in the original, somewhat destroyed by the rising ground, and the effect is otherwise weakened by the introduction of modern sashes. In the above sketch, the ancient window is restored.

For Arthur's Magazine.

SAGE REFLECTIONS.

BY A NONENTITY.

THIS is a quaint world, and there is in it a huge amount of amusement for all those on whom nature has bounteously bestowed a good digestion and a quick perception of the ludicrous. It may be well to inquire whether the latter is not the inevitable result of the former. At any rate, if gentlemen possessed of good digestion are not remarkable for originating wit and humor, they invariably display great willingness to enjoy it when created by others. Well, this is a droll world, in which may be found abundance of fun, provided, always, that we understand mental alchymy, whereby entertainment is extracted from every thing.

So possible is it to find unfailing food for laughter, that we are sometimes tempted to question the existence of joy or sorrow, gaiety or its opposite, as abstract principles, half-believing that the different properties are extracted from one undistinguishable mass. Why should not this be? We have the authority of Pope that

"All seems infected, which the infected spy;
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

And why not all cheerful to the merry eye, all melancholy to the sad one? Let those, then, who are born with a happy temperament, be thankful that their blood courses healthily through their veins; and those who are not so fortunate, strive, by exercising their physical energies, to arrive at that desirable state.

The troubles of this world most trying, and least durable, are those small matters, that, like the constant dropping of water wearing away stone, exhaust our patience, yet there are few of the ills of life that a little philosophy would not change into amusement. If we were to look dispassionately at two thirds of our griefs, we would laugh at them; so conscious are we of this fact, that we generally avoid mentioning them to our friends, knowing, from innate conviction, that we shall get heartily ridiculed.

If other people can laugh at our annoyances, it is

clear that they would afford amusement to us, could we be divested of our selfish individuality—this is proved by the different light in which two persons view the same event.

Fancy a gentleman, redolent of macassar, dressed with consummate skill, perfect in all his appointments, well booted, and strapped so tight as to be scarcely able to walk, after enjoying with perfect satisfaction the intelligence conveyed by his mirror—the mirror, by the way, differing materially from himself, in its capability of reflecting—sauntering out into a fashionable thoroughfare with the innocent intention of lacerating the heart of every lady passenger; imagine him, with his hair beautifully curled, and his hat set jauntily on, so as to cover the least possible number of his admirably arrayed love locks—imagine him met by a boisterous wind, full of health and frolic, which in the joyousness of its mirth, snatches off his hat, incontinently hurls it into the mud, and forthwith plays at foot ball with the unfortunate beaver, at a rate that rapidly carries it beyond the reach of its ill-fated owner. Can any thing be more exquisitely ludicrous to a bystander, or more desperately annoying to the sufferer, whose attempts to recover the flying article are rendered more uncertain by his inability to make necessary exertions, in consequence of being dressed for show, not comfort, for torturing his limbs rather than using them. A looker on is compelled to laugh in spite of benevolence; one's best friend, would, in such a situation, excite mirth; the efforts of the distressed party are so perfectly ridiculous that there is nothing for it but to laugh outright, and yet the victim endures severe mortification of the worst kind—a sense of being an object of ridicule. Probably he suffers more annoyance than he would from any real misfortune, and yet is so ashamed of his situation that he does not, as in the case of deeper troubles, seek the condolence of a friend.

An unfortunate individual just alighted from a

cab, and about to enter the hospitable mansion of a friend of whose good cheer he is invited to partake, by some accident gets splashed from head to foot, damages his broad cloath—soils his cambric—and materially injures the elegance of his figure head. He has not a minute to spare; must go in;—some of the visitors observe him from the window, from which they are compelled to turn, no amount of good breeding being proof against such an accident. Oh! how heartily he wishes for one of those magical caps whereby folks used to render themselves invisible. Miserable man! Who can describe his tortures and who cannot describe the uncontrollable risibility of the spectators of such an accident.

An amorous gentlemen, remarkable alike for his love of the fair sex, and his unqualified admiration of his own merits, meets with a merry damsel who considers such an individual sent for the especial amusement of herself and friends. She listens encouragingly to all his protestations, until he solicits a farther hearing, and begs her to meet him at some specified spot,—to this she agrees, taking care to name some place that will be well in view of either her own home or that of some intimate friend. Who that has a knowledge of the world, speculates upon character, and studies physiognomies, cannot perceive that the fat, middle aged, gentleman, who walks upon the other side of the street in haste, trying to induce passengers to believe that he is going much farther, is the victim of some deception—some wicked plot—some broken appointment? Who does not smile at the nervous efforts of the old fellow to appear easy and indifferent? And who that catches a glimpse of the mischievous countenances peeping through the blinds of yonder window, does not read in those laughing eyes the whole history, and enjoy a hearty laugh at the unfortunate dupe, who all the time suffers a mental martyrdom, to be conceived, but not described, even by the initiated.

A lady more remarkable for good nature than

for elegant manners, sits in some fashionable resort,—presently one of her acquaintances, to whom she is a kind of hanger on—a species of satellite, not uncommon in this facetious world—enters the room; the good natured lady absolutely rushes across the intermediate space to greet her dear friend, and instead of the cordial reception she anticipated, receives one so chilling and distant, that her blood stagnates. It is scarcely possible to tell which is most distressed, the greeter, or the greeted, certain it is however that spectators are highly amused at the expense of both.

Occasional and accidental visitors—droppers in, hoping that they don't intrude, are fearful annoyances to a particular class of people, who are in the habit of giving pressing invitations which they devoutly hope will never be accepted. Occasionally some novices in tone and manner, blindly believe in their sincerity, and, equally blindly, act upon their belief. The awkwardness of the time that they happen to hit upon for their visit, rendering it still more disagreeable; mutual annoyance is the consequence, all parties become thoroughly uncomfortable, and although any observer would be tempted to pity the credulous sufferers, he could not but smile at the ridiculous situation of all of them.

The philosophy of all this,—for oh! most innocent reader, there is philosophy in it—is that we should try to abstract our thoughts from intense individuality. Whenever we are placed in ridiculous situations, be the first to detect and notice them—by so doing we would disarm envy of its sting—malice of its venom. The ill-natured portion of the world, who are ever on the alert to exult over the uncomfortable feelings of their brethren, become powerless unless aided by the sensitiveness of their victims. A man who laughs at himself is no subject for others to ridicule, nor can contempt be felt for one who is sufficiently philosophical to discover his own follies, and sufficiently candid to speak of them.

P E T R A R C H .

BY L. E. L.

I EVER thought that Poet's fate
Utterly lone and desolate.
It is the spirit's bitterest pain
To love, to be beloved again;

And yet between a gulf which-ever
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.
And he was vowed to one bright star,
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

dependent upon all this condition tends to
the introduction and to the glazing—there
is always a—no—said to bird—of the mode
—How without all argument—will—
glaziers that have no body of their own
and none of their own—will—
make—no—said to bird—The last and
widest—will—be—
please as it—
For Arthur
all—introduced—by—
and reviewed—such—
to—
I SA

For Arthur's Magazine.

I SAID SO!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HE'LL be a ruined man in less than a year. Mark my words, and see if they do not come true."

This was said with an air, and in a tone of self-importance, by a brisk little fellow, who walked uneasily about as he spoke, and seemed to consider himself of no little consequence.

"I've had my eye on him for some months past," he continued, "and can see which way he is going, and where it will all end as clear as daylight."

"That's the way with you, Deal; you always see to the end of other people's courses," remarked a bystander.

"I can see to the end of Miller's course, and no mistake. See if he isn't all used up and gone to nothing before this day twelvemonth."

"Why do you prophecy so badly of Miller? He is one of the cleverest men I know."

"That's a fact, and no mistake. He is a gentleman all over. But that won't keep him from ruin."

"Give the reason,—you must have one."

"Oh, as to that, I don't give reasons for what I say," was the self-consequent reply, with a toss of the head, and two or three strides across the room. "But, you mark my words and see if they don't come true. See if Miller does not go to the wall before this time next year."

"Very well, we will see."
"So you will, or I'm no prophet."

The confident manner in which this man named Deal, spoke, led several of those who heard him, to suppose that he knew some facts connected with the business of Miller with which they were ignorant. And this was true.

Deal was one of those restless, busy, here-and-there-and-every-where little bodies, who see and know far more of what is going on in the world than do your quiet, thoughtful, business-absorbed people. He visited the theatre once or twice every week : not really so much to observe the play, as to see who regularly attended. He

looked into the different club-rooms and political assemblages, and kept his mind posted up in all the little and great matters that agitate the surface of a community, or stir it more deeply. His means of information in regard to his neighbors' business and prospects, were certainly very great and his opinion in regard to these matters worth something. This fact made his remarks about Miller half believed by several who heard them. In truth he had good reasons for his evil prognostications, for he met too frequently at the theatre, and in very improper company, Miller's confidential clerk, and was, likewise, conversant with many facts proving that he was clearly unworthy of the trust that had been reposed in him. Instead of doing his duty, which was to promptly inform Miller of the conduct of his clerk, he contented himself, like too many others, with merely shrugging his shoulders, as has been seen, when occasion warranted his doing so, and prophesying ruin to the merchant who, unhappily, had placed confidence in an unworthy agent.

The business in which Miller was engaged, although it embraced very important transactions, and required many clerks for its efficient management, yielded only a light profit, so that it was in the power of a dishonest assistant to ruin his principal. It only required the abstraction of a few thousand dollars to embarrass and finally break up the merchant's business. The prospect of such an untoward event was very fair. The habits of young Grey, the name of the principal clerk, had, for more than a year, required for their gratification an amount of money much greater than his salary. At first he was troubled with debts. The uneasiness that these occasioned led him to cast about in his mind for some mode of relief. His first decision on the subject was to ask for an advance of salary. He was in the receipt of one thousand dollars a year. Pressed hard by a man whom he owed, he was almost forced into an application for more salary. He did not think of denying himself any of the ex-

pensive pleasures in which he indulged, as a surer measure of relief. The application was not favorably considered. Mr. Miller paid, already, as much for clerk-hire as he felt himself able to do. The salary of Gray he considered fully enough for a young man. After receiving a positive refusal on the part of his employer to grant his request, the clerk, concealing as fully as possible his disappointment, turned to the performance of his regular duties. But, there was a tempest in his bosom. Even with an increase of salary up to the amount he had asked, the difficulties that surrounded him would still have been great. The only course by which he could then have extricated himself from immediate difficulties, would have been to borrow upon the representation of an increase of salary. Now that hope had failed.

Temptations try and prove men. Where there is integrity of character, purification is the consequence of strong trials. But when a man without fixed principles gets into difficulties, especially when brought about by his own wrong conduct, he is in imminent danger. Evil counsellors are near him with specious arguments; he must not consent to listen to them—if he does, he will almost inevitably fall into the snare laid for his unwary feet.

"Something must be done," the young man said, with compressed lips, after he had recovered a little from the confusion of mind into which Mr. Miller's positive refusal to grant his request had thrown him.

"Something *must* be done. What shall it be?"

That question gave activity to his mind. He thought, and thought, and thought for a long time. But one only hope glimmered in upon the darkness, and that was a light kindled upon a treacherous coast. It was the hope of relief from pressing demands, by using, without his employer's knowledge, a portion of the money that regularly passed through his hands. The first suggestion of this to his mind, caused him an inward shudder. He looked away from it; but every thing was so dark, that, for relief he turned to it again. The idea seemed not now so revolting. He did not think of embezzling his employer's money; only borrowing it as a measure of temporary relief. Finally the tempter prevailed. A good opportunity presented itself for using as large a sum as two hundred dollars without a suspicion of the fact by Mr. Miller, and he embraced that opportunity. Pressing demands were thereby met, and a surplus left in his hands.

From this time forth a host of evil counsellors had access to his ear, and he listened to them too

often. There was no reform in his habits or expenses, but rather a giving of the rein to both. He indulged more frequently in expensive pleasures, and had, in consequence, to resort oftener to the funds of his employer, which he did with less and less compunction of conscience each time.

Not many months passed before Miller found his business pressing upon him too heavily. His payments were not made with the same ease as formerly. There having been no diminution in his business, he was entirely at a loss to account for this fact. Not the slightest suspicion of the real cause passed over his mind; for his confidence in Gray was unbounded. Had he known any thing of his habits, doubts of his integrity would have been awakened: but of the many facts that had come under the observation of Deal, not one had been even suspected by Miller.

Rapidly did young Gray run his downward course. His money-wants grew every day more and more urgent, and his inroads upon his employer's funds more and more steady and exhausting.

"Miller 'll be a ruined man as sure as the world, if he keeps that Gray about him," Deal would say to himself, whenever he perceived the young clerk spending money with great freedom, as he often did. But he never once thought of saying as much to the wronged merchant. He never felt it to be his duty to whisper a friendly warning in his ear.

Time passed, and the merchant's business became daily more and more involved. Not a payment was made without having to borrow money from one source or other. The cause of this he could not define; and, unfortunately, not suspecting where it really lay, he remained altogether at fault in endeavoring to counteract and resist the downward tendency of his business, until ruin was the consequence.

"It is just as I said," remarked Deal, when the news of Miller's failure reached his ear. "I knew it would be so; and I said it would be so a hundred times."

"You did?" replied the individual to whom this was addressed, looking steadily into the little man's face. He was a losing creditor of the broken merchant.

"Yes, I did."

"And, pray, what reason had you for saying so?"

"This very good reason. His principal clerk lived too fast. He kept a swift trotting horse, and indulged, to my certain knowledge, in very many other extravagancies that must have consumed money equal to four or five times his salary."

"Indeed!"
 "It is a fact, sir."
 "Did Miller know this?"
 "Of course he did not."
 "But you did."
 "Yes; and I said, dozens of times, that if Miller did not look out he would be ruined."

The creditor compressed his lips tightly, and eyed the self-complacent Deal for nearly a minute, steadily.

"You knew it!—you said so!" he remarked half contemptuously, at length. "And you could see an honest man wronged daily, and at last ruined by a scoundrel, and all this time coldly stand looking on, and prophecy his downfall."

"It was no concern of mine," Deal said, his face crimsoning.

"No concern of yours! It is every man's business to warn his neighbors of approaching danger.

He who does not do so, is little better than an accessory to evil. For my part, sir, I shall ever look upon you as more than half guilty of poor Miller's ruin. A word might have saved him; but you heartlessly forbore to speak. I would not have your conscience for a dozen worlds like this!"

Thus saying, with a contemptuous look and tone, he turned from the abashed Deal, and left him to his own self-accusing reflections. They were such as no true lover of his kind could even wish to have.

There is often much of self-complacent pride in the oft repeated—"I SAID SO—" But more, we fear, of criminal neglect to warn an honest, but unsuspecting neighbor of the danger that lurks in his path. Let every one look to himself and see how far he is guilty in this respect. Few of us I fear, will find our garments spotless.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NEW ERA APPROACHING.—We observe, with pleasure, a returning taste for books proper, instead of the miserably printed, cheap pamphlet editions that have been in demand for some time past. So much trash of the worst kind has been imposed upon the public, that little is now purchased, that does not come from a house of known integrity; and this must be in a much better style of getting up than formerly. To this we have seen that it would come, sooner or later. How the reading public have stood the system so long has been a source of wonder; but the secret no doubt lies in the fact that, in this country, there are few words that have so attractive a sound as "cheap." *Cheap* literature, thanks to returning good sense in the public mind, has had its day. Beauty and excellence will next, we trust, have the ascendant. It has, of course, had its use, and that use, doubtless, has been the creation of a wider taste for reading in all classes of the community; but, too many of those who have catered to this awakening appetite, have basely betrayed their trust, in sending forth floods of miserable trash—nay, worse, of books most vile and demoralizing. At one time, during the rage of the cheap system, many of those engaged in selling for publishers, actually sought after vicious and obscene works, because they found for them the best sale. That demand, however, soon subsided, and the flood of demoralizing publications, mostly from the French, found no current in which to flow—or, at best, but a slow and narrow one; and the getters up of them were compelled to retire with the honest execration of every virtuous citizen upon their heads.

For the future, it is but reasonable to conclude that a higher taste will be consulted, and food for a higher taste furnished. Books worth printing, will be well printed, and illustrated in a richer style of art than heretofore. We have had a good many pictorial works, so called, in this country, but, few of them have combined the excellencies of literature, with the elegancies of art. The pictures have, in far too many instances, been thrown in as a kind of make-weight to light and chaffy stuff, rather than illustrative of a text in itself intrinsic. There are many indications of a salutary change in this respect; the most striking one is to be seen in the beautifully illustrated edition of the Bible, now in the course of publication, by the Harpers. We could name other works, but it is needless. The reader can at once refer to them in his own mind.

GIFT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Mr. Samuel Colman, of the house of T. H. Carter & Co. Boston, has laid on our table five elegant little books, prepared expressly for youth and children, and intended as holiday presents. They are, as have been all the books for young folks, prepared under the superintendance of Mr. Colman, tastefully got up, and unexceptionable in reading matter and embellishments. First is

THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE, a Christmas and New Year's Present for Young People, which has many handsome engravings, entertaining and instructive stories and poems, with "answers to the riddles in last year's Keepsake." The Youth's Keepsake is well known amongst young people. We are pleased

at being able to announce that it is again ready for them, and fully equal, if not superior in attractions to what it has formerly been. Next comes

THE ANNUALTE, *A Christmas and New Year's Gift, Edited by a Lady.*—This is likewise an old favorite. Year after year it has come well freighted with good things, giving delight to many an innocent heart. It is here again, and we give it welcome in the name of our young friends. What have we next? It is

THE SAINT NICHOLAS GIFT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.—Many little stories and poems, and neat little wood cuts give interest and beauty to the Saint Nicholas Gift for 1845.

THE CHILD'S GEM FOR 1845, *Edited by Mrs. S. Colman,* is got up in a like neat style, and, as it has heretofore been, is a very good gift book for children.

THE LITTLE GIFT, *Edited by Mrs. S. Colman,* also comes in for its share of commendation. Like all the others, it is well fitted to interest the young.

All the above books are bound elegantly, and, excepting the latter, with gilt edges. They will, as they have been in previous years, be much sought for by those who purchase books to present during the holidays, to their little friends.

MIND AMONG THE SPINDLES.—Messrs. Charles Knight and Co. the enterprising English publishers, have commenced issuing a series of cheap books, under the title of "Knight's Weekly Volumes." They are sold at a shilling each. No. II. of the "Volumes" is called "Mind among the Spindles," and is made up of selections from the "Lowell Offering"! With what surprise must this book have been greeted in a land where so little is expected to come from operatives—especially female operatives.

ANSWER TO THE OLD ARM CHAIR.—A new piece of music, set to appropriate words, has been published in Boston, with this title. The words are supposed to be addressed by the author to a lady who has just sung the popular song by Miss Cook, commencing,

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old Arm Chair?"

We copy the new song below. Though not equal to "The Old Arm Chair," it is still a very good song, and may be sung with much effect. The images it conjures up in the mind are tender ones.

ANSWER TO THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

Oh, sacred through life be that relic to thee,
The old oaken chair, with its memories dear;
It hath seen the leaves of the ancestral tree
One by one, from its boughs fall stricken and sear.
Oh, shelter it kindly in the household nook,
In her vigils of love a mother sat there,
And it hath ever a dear, familiar look,
Like the face of a friend; bless that old arm chair.

She is gone, she is gone, but it stands there yet,
They have taken it not from the old fire-side,
Undisturbed be it still, in the same nook set,

Let it stand where it stood, when thy mother died.
Oh she loved it, she loved it, that old heirloom,
And though smileth no longer her sweet face
there,
The spirit of the loved and the lost shall come,
Ever to bless thee and guard the old arm chair.

When the family sit at their daily meal,
In its place is each chair but that vacant one,
Yet holy around them her presence they feel,
And they seem still to hear her familiar tone.
See the little ones turn from the sacred Book,
As speaketh the father her name in his prayer,
To her favorite seat for their mother's look—
They shall see her no more in the old arm chair.

Oh, sacred through life be that relic to thee,
Thy mother's arm chair, with its memories dear;
Forget not the day when thou sat'st on her knee,
And so sweetly she smiled ere sorrow was near.
It was there, it was there she reposed her head,
When she breathed for her loved ones her dying
prayer,
Then deem, though her form in the cold earth be
laid,
That her spirit still guardeth the old arm chair.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
BY THOMAS JEFFERSON JACOBS.—*New York, Harper and Brothers.*—Some ten years ago Captain Benjamin Morell exhibited in New York two savages taken from islands discovered by him in the Pacific Ocean. Through the interest created in these, and from the glowing descriptions given by him of the unexplored islands he had discovered, he induced certain individuals to fit out a vessel, under his command, with the hope of reaping a rich harvest in trading with the natives. The whole matter was conducted with great secrecy, to prevent others from being attracted to the same field of enterprise. One of the natives died in New York, and the expedition set sail with the other to act as interpreter.

The author of the volume now under notice, had just left college, and was attracted by the novelty of the thing, and a love of adventure, to join the vessel. "Neither the brig nor her master," he says in the preface, "ever returned, nor has any authentic publication ever been made of the history, object, and result of the expedition. Rumors of various kinds have at different times been circulated, . . . they were all based upon mere conjecture, and were as unfounded in truth as they were injurious to the reputation of those more closely connected with the enterprise. The writer has frequently been urged by his friends and others concerned to give its history to the public; but a regard for the pecuniary interests of persons connected with it, combined with reasons of a more personal nature, seemed to render this inexpedient. The time, however, has now arrived when the publication may be made without injury to the feelings or interests of any one, and, I, therefore, cheerfully give the narrative to the public. . . . The region of the world of which it treats is now,

for the first time laid open to the public eye. Up to the present moment it remains emphatically, *terra incognita.*"

This certainly promises a very interesting book; and a hurried glance at a few pages satisfies us that "Scenes in the Pacific," possesses attractions of no ordinary character. It is illustrated by many engravings of scenery and incidents; and is full of stirring adventure.

HARPERS' PICTORIAL BIBLE.—This elegantly illustrated edition of the Bible has reached the tenth number. The style of embellishment continues to be superior to any thing that has yet appeared in this country. The work, when complete, will be a noble specimen of art.

HEWET'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, No. 24.—The typographical and pictorial execution of this edition of Shakespeare is really beautiful. It is an evidence of an improving taste in the public mind, that a large sale has met the well directed efforts of the publisher.

HEWET'S ILLUMINATED TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, No. 1.—These tales, by Charles and Miss Lamb, are published in a similar style to the Plays of Shakespeare, just noticed: No. 1. contains the story of Romeo and Juliet.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1845.—Boston, J. H. Carter, & Co. The ladies are so well acquainted with the merits of this annual visiter, that no commendation from us is needed.

THE JILT, A NOVEL. By the author of "Cousin Geofry," and "The Marrying Man," is the title of a new shilling novel from the press of the Harpers.

Among the very best and cheapest publications of the day, is *Littell's Living Age*. It is filled with the choicest selections from British and foreign reviews and magazines, selected with a discriminating taste that rejects the mere light literature of the day, and chooses that which is really substantial.

PROSE FICTIONS, written for the Illustration of True Principles in their Bearing upon Every Day Life. By T. S. ARTHUR. Nos. 1 to 4. Each of these numbers contains from seven to eight of the author's stories, collected from the various periodicals to which they were communicated. The design is to publish in this form a complete edition of the author's short moral tales that have appeared during the last two or three years in the different magazines and newspapers. The price is 25 cents each number. As they come out in regular numbers, they can be sent by mail at periodical postage. Any one sending to E. Ferrett, & Co. 101 Chestnut st. one dollar free of postage, will have forwarded to them five numbers of Arthur's Prose Fictions.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE, By *Mrs. Mary Elmwood*, author of "THE LADY AT HOME."—Those who have read the "Lady at Home," will need no inducement to purchase this work, by the same author. The subject upon which it treats is the right government of children in the home circle. It embodies the views and experience of many celebrated writers on this subject.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

We can again refer our readers, confidently, to the contents of our Magazine. The present number, like its predecessors, has been made up by the Editor with great care, and will be found to embody articles of deep interest, and high moral excellence. It is a settled thing, in the conducting of this work, that, in points of real interest, no other magazine will be permitted to surpass it. Every thing that is not good is rigidly excluded, no matter from whence it comes, while articles of real merit are taken from every accessible source. From all parts of the country are coming back upon us responses to our efforts. What our Magazine professes to be, it is perceived that it really is, and this brings commendation and encouragement from all quarters. We shall ever strive to merit the bestowed approval:—whenever we suffer our work to deteriorate from its present standard, we will ask no one to patronise it.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.—One number more will complete our volume. Reader, have we not fulfilled to the letter our promises of excellence? You cannot help saying that we have, and more than fulfilled them. But, we have been far from pleasing ourselves in all things. As we have advanced, we have seen new vistas opening before us, into which we have been anxious to enter; but the time was not yet. We had not fully gleaned all that was worth gathering in the field we occupied. In the coming year we hope to pluck new flowers, and gather richer fruits than any that have crowned our labors. In other words, or rather, in plain prose, we hope to make our magazine more elegant, more interesting, and more useful than it has yet been. We have both the ability and the will to do this, and they shall be taxed fully.

OUR ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS MONTH.—Our most attractive plate is Little Red Riding Hood, engraved by Dick. It will meet, we are sure, with the approbation of our readers. "Good wine needs no bush," and, therefore, we will not waste words on this subject.

PUBLISHERS' HALL.—The publishers of this Magazine have taken the elegant store at Publishers' Hall, 101 Chestnut street, formerly occupied by Godey and McMichael, and, afterwards by Mr. R. G. Berford. Here they intend keeping for sale all the new publications and periodicals, besides a large assortment of fancy stationary, on terms as low, if not lower than they can be had in the ciy. All who wish to be supplied with these articles, are invited to look in upon us. We can assure them prompt and polite attention. Foreign books will be imported to order, on very reasonable terms. Books, magazines, and newspapers from all parts of the United States, will be supplied regularly at publishers' prices. In fact, whatever our customers may desire, in our line of business, will be furnished as early and as cheap as by any other establishment.

is
's
ey
G.
he
ge
if
ho
to
nd
to
es,
es,
In
ne
ap



SHARP & CO. Newark, N.J.

THE TIMELY AID

A girls Magazine. — June 1844.

6

v

8

7



B E L G I A D E.

Arthur's Magazine, December, 1844

